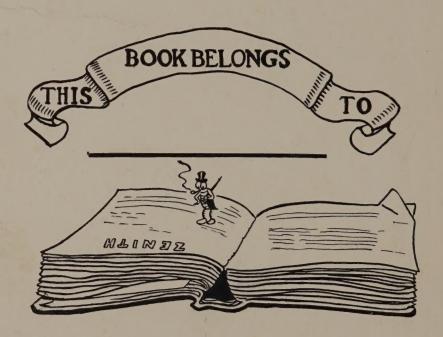
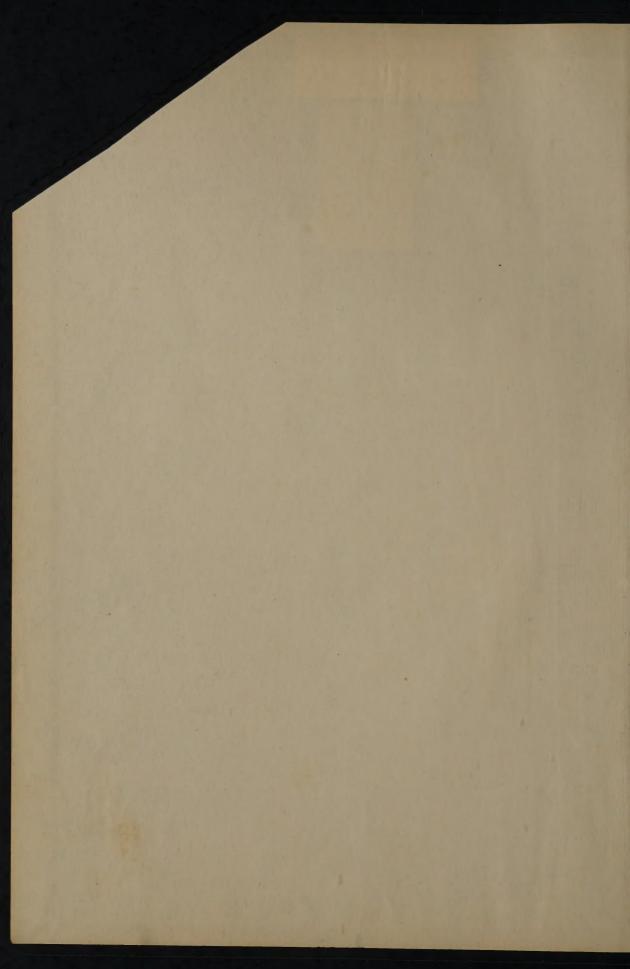
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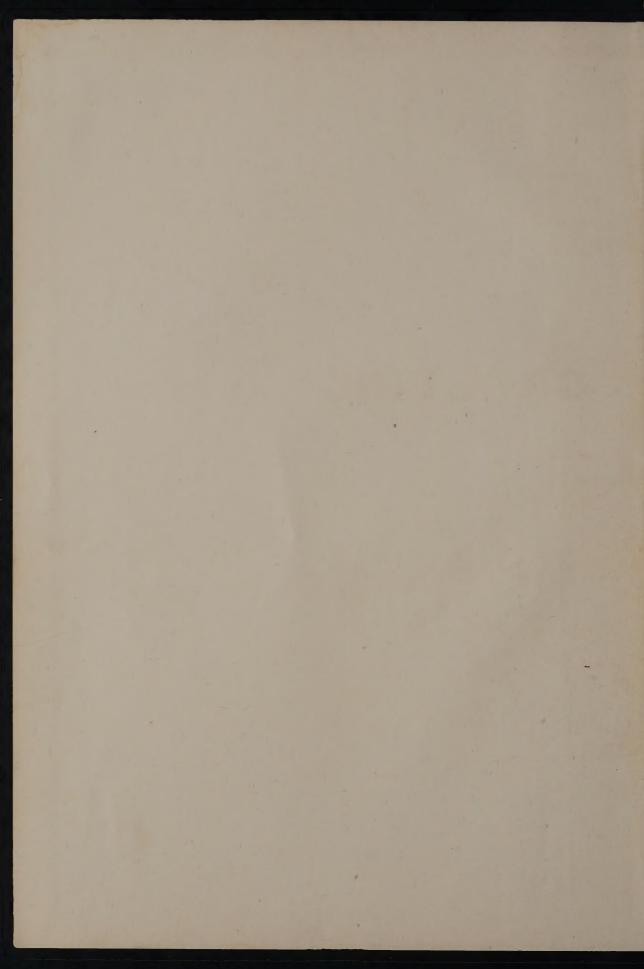




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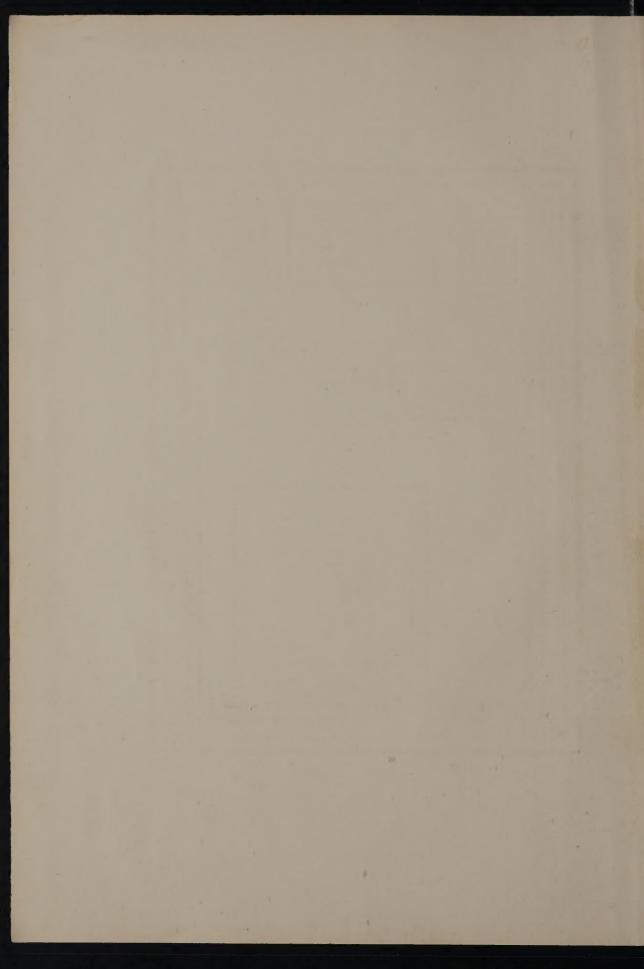


A



GREETING









DEDICATION.

As a true appreciation of the many kind favors tendered the class of 1910 during our high school career; for his interest in our prosperity and advancement; for his untiring efforts to make our school life a happy and profitable one; and mostly for his good will and friendship, we respectfully dedicate this publication to our esteemed teacher, DeWitt C. Sprague.



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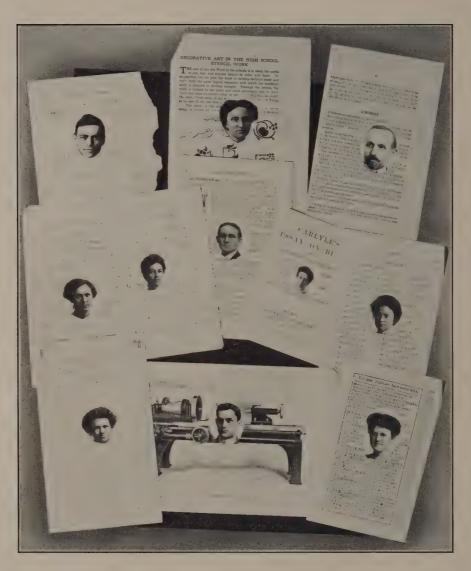
SUPERINTENDENT DENFELD



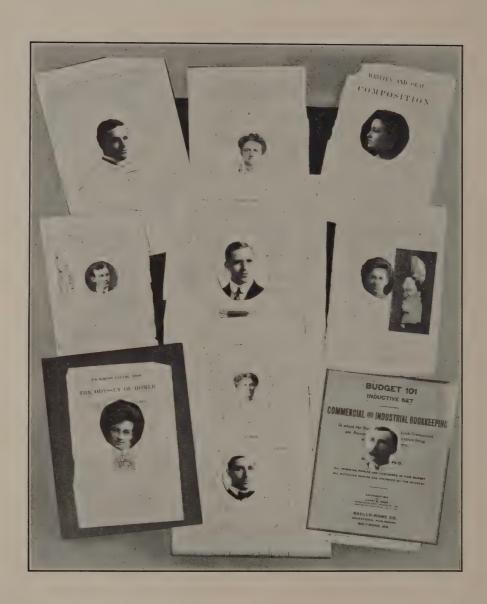
A WELCOME TO MR. BUCK.

We Seniors are grateful for this privilege and opportunity of extending to our new principal, Mr. Buck, an expression of our appreciation of him. His kindness has shown itself in innumerable ways, and his genial manner has won for him many friends in school and elsewhere. Our ways of doing things were quite new to him. His often used expression: "This is all new to me; but it's all right; I suppose I'll learn," has made us endeavor to display the best that was in us if for no other reason than to show our appreciation of his leniency. He believes in hard work, however, and plenty of it; but he is optimistic and as fond of a good laugh as any one. He has shown himself especially interested in high school athletics; in fact all of the different school organizations have received his hearty encouragement at all times. To say that he is a welcome addition to the faculty would be putting the situation lightly. It seems as though among friends there is no need for sentimentality; but for those of the outside world, who do not fully understand, we wish to record on these pages, to preserve for all time, that we extend a cordial welcome to Mr. Buck. May the best wishes of the class of 1910 go with him in his future career.

FACULTY









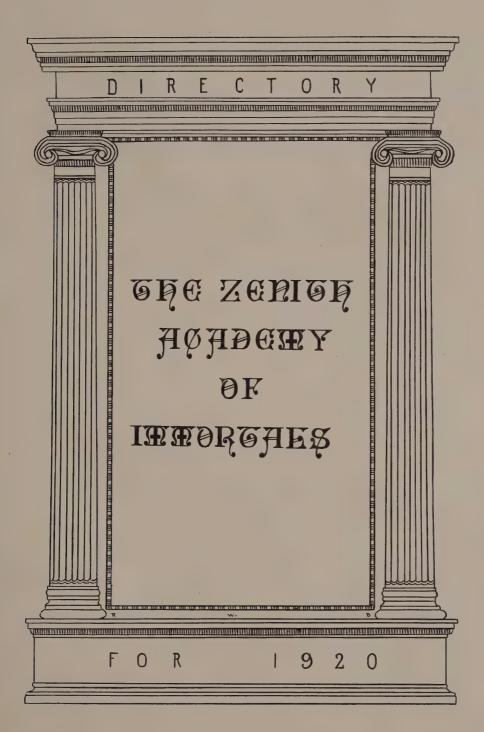


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Mr. CHAS. KELLY,

Cotillion Leader at Annual Reunions of Academy of Immortals.



Mr. ALARIC ROBERTS, Head Electrician.

New Zenith Thestre.





Here we are Seniors! Our dream as Freshmen has at last been realized, distant as it then seemed. In those days when the girls wore their hair in braids and the boys were first beginning to leave the realm of knickerbockers we could not possibly see what effect the four years training for the life in the future would have upon character. Of course we should be supposed to know more, to be a little more familiar with the halls and class-rooms of the school, but this could not change our innermost being. Thru the comradeship of our class-mates and the kindly help and instructions of the faculty we have grown even faster mentally than we have physically. Now has come our time for exodus from our Alma Mater. It has been a happy journey which we have taken during the last four years together and we will be loth to part after the last gathering on Commencement. It will truly be commencement for us all; some will go on to new experiences and trials in college, others out into life to solve the problems there.

When we were Freshmen how our hearts did quake at the pleasure and rarely the duty of speaking to a Senior! The mere mention of Virgil or Trig. sent our respect soaring to the loftiest heights. But now the spell is broken and we are dis-illusioned at last. The trials and tribulations of these subjects combined with problems of physics will long be remembered, but in subordination to the joys of spreads and dances. The first social event of our class was the Freshman dance, designated by the upper classmen "hop", that scholarly name, which we immediately adopted and passed on down to the following classes. All enjoyed the spread but hardly as much can be said of the dance, for from the Freshies there were many on-lookers and only a few dancers, buffeted about at the will of those older and more experienced in such ways. How well we remember the first foot-ball game, in which our boys participated, the one with

the Sophomores. Little did we care for toes, pennants or ribbons as we watched the ball vibrate from one end of the field to the other. The score was a tie, neither team having worked the eluding sphere between the goal-posts. Only one who has passed thru this experience can realize the excitement attendant upon such an event. In June we left school delightedly anticipating the vacation and most of us looking forward to becoming Sophomores in the fall.

Into each Freshman's mind is instilled the great dislike and sometimes even antipathy towards the Sophomores on account of the rivalry between the classes. This feeling lingers deep-rooted in their hearts until the greater part of the year has passed. The Seniors are named as the friends of the second year class, but often they desert their duty, turn traitor and help the Freshmen with all the power which naturally falls to the leaders of the school. In such cases the Sophomores stand alone in their glory, fight their own battles and enjoy the fruits of their victories. Such a class was ours! It has been said that it "is the prerogative of Sophomores" to ruin the annual game with the entering class, but that is not the only sport in which they are conquerors. Basket-ball has been very popular in the school and good playing united with good luck won us the championship in our second year. The spread was not as marked an event as the preceding one, but it was enjoyed with equal fervor and if possible, more, as the classmates were well acquainted and firmly bound together by the victories and defeats, studies and pleasures of their life at school, which they shared in common.

The Junior year was one of study and meditation as the long honor rolls during that time bear witness. The great problems of our lives in the shape of physics experiments, and the thots of mighty essayists, employed the time formerly devoted to sports. The only social event given last year was the Junior-Senior in compliment to the graduating class of 1909. They gladly admitted that we surpassed them in the excellence of our entertainment and that we did them honor as well as ourselves. A kindred spirit had grown up between the two classes since our rivalry as Sophomores and Freshmen, and it was with down-cast spirits that we watched them depart and leave us behind to step into their places as leaders of the school.

And now we have come to the portal leading out into life. This last year in our High School has been one of combined study and pleasure. We have grown somewhat beyond the grind of the Junior year into the larger freedom of Seniors. The first event under the auspices of the class was the Annual Auction, given just before Thanksgiving. The generous efforts of all made it a great success and were amply rewarded by the tales of gratitude by our presi-

dent in chapel afterward. The Senior dance just before Christmas vacation was attended by nearly the entire class and enjoyed to the full by all present. The red and green of the decorations were a constant reminder of the coming holidays and added gayety to the scene. Our class play soon followed and did credit to the ability of the participants, but how could it be otherwise under the kind and able direction of Mr.Custance.

In June Class Night, followed by Commencement, will be the breaking up and final separation of the class of 1910. The lessons which we have learned in our intercourse with each other will never be forgotten and may we all endeavor to follow thru life as we have thru our school course, our motto "Semper Paratus".

D. R. P. '10.



In Memoriam

Albert Johnson

Porn March 25th, 1892. Died Jan. 25th, 1910.

DULUTH ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The primary object of the Duluth Central High School Alumni Association, which is the founding of a Charles Alden Smith Scholarship fund, should appeal to every Duluth citizen present and prospective. It is difficult to imagine a single inhabitant of Duluth who can worthily be indifferent to it.

It is hoped to have the scholarship within a year founded on the following

plan:

The sum of \$5000 is to be raised, the funds to be invested and the interest to be available each year for one student, a graduate of the High School, for a year's work at college. The scholarship will not be won by competitive examination but will be bestowed upon a pupil to be elected by a board, the large majority of which will be representatives of the High School Faculty. A student will be chosen who in the opinion of this board will most worthily make use of the fund.

The conditions of the scholarship aim to insure the greatest possible good during the many years that it will be available.

This plan should appeal:

First: To all pupils who came in contact with Mr. Smith during his years of service as Principal of the High School, who will be glad of some method of showing their appreciation and gratitude for the influence of his life and service so splendidly and quietly given during his years here.

Second: To every man or woman who has had the privilege of college training and who should be anxious to do his or her part in affording that privilege to others during the years to come. Every one who has been denied the opportunity of college training should be glad to help the worthy students of coming years to the joys that have been denied themselves.

Third: To every pupil in the Duluth schools at present who should be wide awake in the interest of such a scholarship for it is the boys and girls of the coming years who will benefit by it.

Fourth: To every citizen who is eager to extend the usefulness and power and influence of education in the city. Our school system is one of which Duluth is justly proud but there is at present not a single scholarship available for the pupils. So splendidly equipped a school as ours should no longer be without this incentive to better and broader study.

You can help in achieving this by becoming a member of the Alumni Association which admits to its membership graduates and anyone who has ever studied at the Duluth High School. This membership requires only attendance at one meeting a year and a vital interest in the establishment of the Smith Scholarship.

Won't you be present at the September meeting?

DULUTH ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.



MORDECAI AND HAMAN.

(First Prize Story.)

Augustus had always been peculiar. Not that he was remarkable for anything in particular; in fact, he would have been classed, if any one had taken the trouble to classify him at all, as very ordinary, were it not that there was something extraordinary in his very lack of distinctiveness which drew the attention that his ever downcast eyes most painfully tried to avoid. He was short and awkwardly built, having no definite figure and wearing clothes which would have hidden any he might have possest. His hair was straight and uncombable, and a strand of it hung or rather projected over his forehead, effectually hiding one of his evasive eyes. He was moody, always quiet, yet falling sometimes into a state of superquiescence that baffled his teachers and gave them quite a problem to work out in constructive education. Some of his thotful instructors were undecided as to whether they had to deal with a hopeless imbecile or a latent genius, but they were unanimous in prophesying that some day he would break forth in a mighty, perhaps criminal, eruption. It was a surprise, however, to even these prophets that the outbreak should have occurred as soon as it did and under such peculiar circumstances.

It happened in History, only a few months after his first term began. He had failed to give Myers's list of causes of some "most potential event" or other, and had been unmercifully "balled out" in addition to the zero that was put down in the row of other low marks after his name. When Edwin Lyon in the next row was asked if he could name the elusive causes, Mr. Lyon could and did with an ease and flourish that had made new teachers remember his name first in his classes.

Mr. Lyon, for more reasons than one, is worthy of a formal introduction to the reader even in the midst of potential events. An artist was Edwin, a leader of his class in the styles of masculine hair-dressing, a wearer of a tie a day and of buckles on his shoes; a breezy, world-is-mine sort of a fellow, who, whether he owned it or not, made little difference to the flock of his admirers. Indeed it was hard for anyone to remember the buckles and pompador against him when he stopped you in the hall and with a friendly smile told you a "good one." Oh, indeed no, this is no taper-chinned, bubble-brained snob you are being introduced to, but a broad-shouldered idol; a man of the world of but three months in the freshman year!

And he sat in the next row to Augustus! After he had enumerated the causes Edwin sat down, but Augustus rose and taking one stride, crost the intervening space and, before the girls could remember to giggle with astonishment, had shot his tightly clenched fist into Edwin's clean-shaven face!

Directly, of course, there was confusion; two boys stepped in and prevented Augustus from repeating the blow; the teacher, strong-willed as she was, had difficulty in restoring order, and some hysterical girls had to leave the room. Edwin had risen and stood trembling with anger and emotion, grasping the desk to steady himself.

"You both report to the office at once", the flushed teacher commanded, but remembering the look on Augustus' face, she told him to go first. Augustus rose from his seat without his former boldness and spoke with a choking voice, "Am I—are you—do I get a zero for not remembering, and he gets a hundred for reading out of his book?"

The boys laughed. "Why, you ignorant simpleton, is that what you hit him for? Just because he cheated! Didn't you know that we all dribbles

along like that? Didn't you know that if you want to keep up with the high-mark pupils, you've got to slip one over once in a while instead of sticking to text book grinding—didn't you know that?"

But the teacher saw the point; saw that there was ethics behind the anger and justice behind the blow. Fool, yes, because no one bothers about the sneaks and cheats any more since they harm no one but themselves, and because their successes in marks now will lose for them some day a greater goal than the passing average they have gained. She believed that the average of 100 in character and zero in causes was worth at least 75, and so marked him. But class discipline must be enforced even to the chastisement of character, so she sent him to the office.

Augustus had never known a friend, could not, perhaps, have told you what one should be like; but somehow he just *knew* as he stepped, with beating heart, into the office, that looking up over his glasses was a friend, indeed. And he called Augustus by name. Why there was something good in the sound of his name after all!

Who was this gentle man who knew his name and spoke it so kindly? Augustus soon learned. He was a man every inch. And as the boy told him the whole story, how he had seen Lyon day after day with his book open read ahead of the recitations, and how this day when he (Augustus) had needed the mark so much and had really tried to get those causes, while that fellow, he—he—, this friend patted him on the shoulder and assured him that altho he did wrong in striking the other, he was a better human being for failing honestly than any one who would sell his honor for so cheap a thing as one day's mark.

Friend indeed, not only to this stupid boy, but to a multitude of pliable hearts that he had shaped with wonder-working hands into gentle men and women like himself.

Augustus left the office, his mind clearer than it had ever been, for he knew that someone cared whether he won or lost.

Lyon never forgot that blow. He was praised for his gentlemanly bearing under the attack of a rowdy and he gained much sympathy among the girls; but this did not compensate him for the brand of cheat the blow left on his name, nor the dignity it took from it. So he studied his man for an opening.

It is an easy matter to find errors in the life and sayings of a man who lives in public and says much. But a search is necessary, indeed, to find contradictions and weak points in a man who does nothing nor tests his strength. So Lyon studied in vain. Augustus kept plugging on, backed by the inspiration given him by the Friend; true, he dropt a semester here and there but he worked to catch up and minded his own business always. Neither of the boys had spoken nor did either show any sign of wishing to renew the quarrel. Thus the Freshman year passed and a second commenced. Early in the second semester the Friend was taken ill and Augustus haunted the office for news of the patient. One morning he came in to a hushed building and he knew what had happened. The helping hand that was to have led him upward was gone and the boy realized that alone he had not the will power to lead himself. After that he fell farther back and gave Lyon his chance. The two were in only one recitation together—English. Its active little teacher had a way of jerking you to your feet with a brisk command and then firing a direct yes or no question which was easily answered—if you knew your lesson. books, notes or anything availed when you stood up facing those unexpected broadsides. Consequently, Lyon learned his lessons while the slow-thinking Augustus was confused the more by the uncertainty of the question and the wit of the questioner. He had been brought to his feet abruptly one day and stood nervously waiting the broadside, his mind already confused by an apparent contradiction in the recitation which, however, he was too timid to ask about, when Lyon conceived the idea and tested it when the broadside came.

"How many mistakes are there in this sentence: 'A careful study of the rules and principles of grammar are necessary to a proper understanding of rhetoric'", shot the teacher.

"Why, I-I think-" began Augustus.

"Please stand away from your desk; there, that's better; now go on," interrupted the teacher.

"The verb—no, I—," then something seemed to snap. He could not connect his thots, he could not remember what the sentence was about, he did not even know why he was standing there staring at the wall. His mind was blank; yet he was dimly struggling to bring back his senses and utter a reply. Suddenly his brain absorbed one idea and he framed it as a sentence: "There is none."

"You couldn't teach in my school," insisted a voice. "What is the subject of the sentence, please?" But still he *could* not tear away that blank confusion from his mind.

"The subject, come!" Then as if it had sprung to life in the root of his brain, he felt rather than heard: "Careful", and he repeated it!

Lyon was the first to laugh and his voice was so loud and hysterical that the teacher promptly sent him to the Assembly. Lyon did not care; in fact, he was glad of the opportunity to be alone and think it over. He had found the way! So he walked to the Hall in an ecstacy and scarcely heard the sarcasm of the mistress of the Assembly as she directed him to a front seat. He sat down and tried to think clearly. HE HAD FORCED A THOT, BY HIS OWN POWER, ACROSS A ROOM, WITHOUT MECHANICAL MEANS, INTO THE BRAIN OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING. And what he had done once, he could repeat, and the simple experiment could be improved upon, the power could be developed; he could—The bigness of the idea overpowered him and his thots ran wild till the bell rang,

Lyon had never studied or read of the mysteries of the mind. He did not know that he had merely demonstrated in a remarkable way the truths of psychology: the path of suggestion follows the line of least resistance. He had written that wrong answer on the blank mind of the other that had been struggling to grasp the least ray of light. He could write other messages, right or wrong, on the same tablet; he could write messages that would set in motion muscles, muscles that would control actions, actions that would determine life.

After that day his power over the boy grew. Augustus had no one to go to and, when he felt his mind becoming more and more muddled as the days passed, he lost confidence in himself and thereby strengthened Lyon's hold on him.

The confusion attending the loss of their principal and the extra work devolving upon the faculty, gave the teachers no time to aid or encourage him as he needed. At every chance in that one English period, Lyon improved his faculty until the weakening Augustus was incapable of independent effort. At lunch period, too, Lyon directed his attention to his victim and found, after many failures and experiments, that he could control the boy's actions to a limited extent. One day he made him walk from one drinking fountain to the other

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and back, willing him to drink each time,, successfully. Lyon tried to believe that it was a coincidence as he failed on subsequent attempts, but it opened a new field to him. Augustus's punishment had been great already, yet Lyon's vengeance was not satisfied. He must do something big, something worthy of the power he had gained. Wine may make brutes of some men and fools of others, but the beasts that conquest makes are diabolical in their cruelty and cunning, and victory has defeated more men than death. Lyon was given a wonderful power over this poor, struggling boy, but in using it, he nearly destroyed himself as we shall see.

There was a fear in the conqueror's breast that Augustus might not return for another miserable year; but when the third year began, the latter was in his place again, far behind his class now and only clinging to the Junior session room by a narrow margin of a condition in Latin. He was stronger, tho, in body and mind, for he had worked hard all thru the summer that his will power might have another chance to do battle with his stubborn brains, and for a few months he applied himself so diligently to his work of catching up that Lyon could not reach him with a ninety-pound pressure of will force. Lyon was hindered, too, by not being in any classes with Augustus and the only period they were together was the second in the Assembly Hall. But after some hard practice, the art came back to him and he broadened his field. He signed the library book one second period and on reaching the room, seated himself at the table between the shelves. There he buried his head in his arms and pulled, willed and fought until the door opened and Augustus stepped in. Lyon had felt him coming for a faint sympathetic lien had been developed between the two that Lyon felt was growing stronger as his influence increased. Augustus came straight in and sat down at the same table with Lyon. And the most remarkable thing about it was that he had evidently never been down there before, since the librarian had to tell him to sign the book on her desk. No, there was no mistake or coincidence about it this time. Augustus was his!

The next and last experiment followed quickly. Lyon had procured a skeleton key and, signing the pass the next day at the second period, he walked out and opened one of the cloak-room doors, leaving it ajar. Then he stationed himself in the dark corner by the office and repeated the struggle. He had a difficult task this time for there was the unusualness of the situation and the

fear of being discovered to detract him; then, too, the period was half over already. He persisted, tho, and the minutes of mental pulling drew Augustus from his seat and into the hall. Again Lyon felt him coming and drew back against the wall. The boy came on and passed him, walking in a slow, dazed manner until he drew opposite a big framed picture where, from the force of reverent habit he looked up at the face of the Friend. For a moment he shook off the spell, as the gentle eyes looked down upon him in their familiar way, and started for the Assembly again. Lyon fought him back. He was desperate now, the time was short and his man showed unexpected strength. Something had to break soon, and long subjection told against the weaker mind. Augustus finally walked straight to the cloakroom door, opened it and in a second more Lyon had sprung against it and pulled it shut. He did not stop to congratulate himself on his victory but went straight to the office where he told how he had seen Augustus unlock the door and enter the room. The coup was well timed for a series of annoying thefts had been going on for some time and special efforts had been made to discover the guilty party. The principal went at once to the room adjoining the wrap-closet and stationing Lyon outside, he and the teacher opened the door softly. Instead of seeing a flying figure bolt for the hall door as they expected, there crouched the sobbing figure of the supposed culprit.

The four went to the office; the principal, the teacher, (a man, by the way) and the two youths. Lyon was beginning to weaken. The effort he had expended to accomplish this end had sapped his strength; and now that the coup was sprung, he began to fear the sequel. The pendulum was swinging.

"Now, my boy, this is very painful to me, and in your own interest I ask you to tell us openly and unreservedly how many times you have done this before and what your object was in taking money that did not belong to you," spoke the principal, firmly yet without anger.

"Why, you don't—Oh, you don't think I took anything, do you?" sobbed Augustus.

"Augustus, a denial will gain you nothing. You understand the situation as well as we do. Have you any money with you that you took from the room to-day?"

"I didn't take nothing, never," burst from the boy.

"What were you doing in the cloak-room?" The principal became severe, he hated a liar.

"I, I don't know, Oh, I'm going crazy, I know it! I haven't never done nothing right since he died."

The pitiableness of the boy's distress and the ring of truth in his voice made the two men feel that, tho he was a thief, he had more than a sneak thief's motive for taking money. The boy looked in actual need of food and his clothes were thin.

"Augustus, if you have stolen because you were in want, do not hesitate to tell us. We are your friends and will do anything to help you, if you will tell us all about it."

"I didn't-I don't-I do need money but I wouldn't, Oh, please, I wouldn't steal it."

The principal turned to the teacher and asked if he knew anything of the boy but the pedagog had never had him in his classes and knew nothing of his character. Lyon volunteered that Augustus had always been queer. The truth is that Lyon was beginning to feel deeply sorry for his victim and he was trying to give the impression that the boy was not sane.

'Why, one day when we were Freshmen in a History class he hit me," ventured Lyon.

"Yes and I hit you because you stole my marks!" burst Augustus again, this time with a voice as powerful and sharp as the blow he had struck that day. Lyon knew he had erred, the moment he had spoken. He had blundered, indeed. His words had broken the spell, had brought that whole memorable day back to the memory of the accused boy. He remembered this very office as it had been then; he saw again the quiet, loving Friend sitting at that desk and patting him on the shoulder. The words he uttered were unintelligible to his hearers: "Help me now," but they knew that he was preparing for something extraordinary. Lyon struggled to confuse the fellow's mind as he had often

done before, but Augustus was above confusion. Never before had Lyon felt more strongly the lien between them, yet now he felt that the power he once had was at the other end of the invisible wire. He looked up and met Augustus' piercing eye. Both knew.

The continued association of thots and the draining of the power of the one had gradually neutralized the vast difference between their intellects and now, gaining the weight of Right, the pendulum had swung to the other side.

Lyon made one last effort, "Can I speak to this boy alone?" he asked. Both men realized that there was something personal passing between the two, and the principal was a good enough judge of boys to know that they could best have it out together, and as neither appeared in a fighting mood, he left them in the office.

Despite his outward show of composure, Augustus' first impulse was to finish up the two-year standing job. But Lyon anticipated him by begging for peace. Strange, indeed, was this first meeting of these two; their positions reversed, their thots mutual. Augustus had nearly two more years left for the squaring of accounts but it meant a fight between them that would never end. Then there was the immediate problem to solve. Augustus was still a thief. Neither was fit for a physical combat and Augustus was unskilled in the new power he felt he had.

Lyon broke the spell: "Kid," he said, "I've played dirty. I've been a sneak and a low pup, but I'll tell'em that I caught you in the hall and threatened you till you went in there, I'll tell 'em anything if you'll only shake hands and call it square."

Augustus took the out-stretched hand and turning his head, smiled in a strange satisfied way at the empty chair by the desk.



TO THE QUEEN OF GAMES.

Prize Poem.

Game of God's heaven-kissed earth-kingdom glorious! Game of wide prairie, lake-shore, sand-dune! "Never let world-care, or slave-life laborious Wrest thee from me!" is my heart-sought boon.

Gladden my sight in the bright smile of summer! Fresh breath of new-clipped fair green let me feel! Call to old golfer or foozling new-comer, "Come to me comrade, you'll aye find me leal."

Console thou my lonesomeness even in snow-storm On days when true sporting blood comes to the fore And the leal-hearted, strong-wristed driver can show form And pull out a forty while others take more!

Game of auld Scotland, your charms ever hold me! Game of rewards to the far and the sure! Never will other loves from thee withhold me! Never will other joys break thy strong lure!

"Don't Slice."

CLASS TRACK TEAM.

No, you don't hear the rest ask if we have a track team do you? Why is it? Althou we were beaten the first year we slipped into school, we succeeded in showing the rest that we were not sleeping.

Just three years ago this coming spring, the class of '10 made its first real appearance in track work. If we remember rightly, we have since made some progress in that line of athletic work.

Yes, it is so that we had more men to choose from, but just the same we have had to run against some of our own best men who failed to pass their studies.

It is acknowledged that the class of 1910 entered the school with the best set of all around athletes ever produced in one class. Possibly this is a "Paul Bunion" statement to those proud Juniors, wise Sophs and unsophisticated Freshies, but it is up to them to prove it otherwise.

The first year we just succeeded in getting a good start.

Sophomore year, the meet went to our class by a large one sided score taking places in almost all of the events and winning the Relay race. It was at this time that the prettiest race of our career took place, between Starkey, '08 and Feetham, '10 in which Feetham defeated the fleet '08 boy by a safe distance.

Our third year which was last season was not what it should have been since we lost some of our best men' but they are still known as '10 boys. We cleaned things up last spring in the meet in fine fashion, winning by a large score.

Also we expect to close with the highest of honors on the track. We have in the past turned out the largest number of men and expect to finish in the same fashion the coming season. So Lamb-like Juniors, Dubious Sophs, and Kearnsical Freshies beware and follow our footsteps as best you can.

Girls' Basketball Teams.



FIRST TEAM

Girls' Basketball Teams.



SECOND TEAM

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

This is the first year that the girls of 1910 have attempted basketball and although they failed to win the championship, they have reason to feel satisfied with their work, considering the disadvantages under which they played. As it was, the Seniors defeated the Juniors and were barely beaten by the Freshmen. In the case of the Sophomores it must be confessed that the better team won. The schedule of the championship games the Seniors played is as follows:

Seniors vs. Juniors	2—9
Senior vs. Freshmen	48
Seniors vs. Sophomores	<u>23</u>





Hist all ye studes, grindes, and other interested or disinterested parties. You may talk about your wild west, you may talk about your plains but list a minute while one of the studes narrates to you the beautiful story of our social career. The class of 1910 has ascended in social glory, an ascendency only equalled by that of Halley's comet. To give a deliberate, delicate and detailed description of our many social achievments and successes would but tire you or mayhap raise a pang of jealousy amongst ye "ought to be but are not" Juniors.

Altho we were but kids in the fall of the year 1906, we started off with a bang. Some of the poor, unhappy, greenleaf Freshmen were unable to connect with the waltz, but we all had a right good time. The grand success of this, our first party, and but one so young too, firmly established us as the social lights of D. C. H. S. We were not content with but a "hop" this year so we participated in a sleighride. Altho heavily overburdened with chaperones, we had a regular hot old time.

Our Sophomore party was merely a repetition of our former successes.

Time slowly crept along and before we knew it, we were wise old heads. We profited by our experience of former years and in this third circle of our

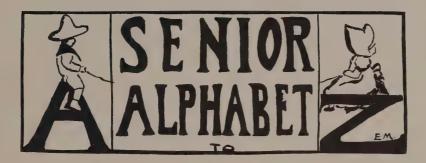
career we outdid everything which had ever been given by a class of D. C. H. S. Our Junior-Senior really showed what the class of 1910 could do. The dance was given at the new Masonic Temple, and it was immense from start to finish. Talked about by all who attended for days and days after, even the birds on the tree tops remarked upon what a splendid sendoff we gave the class of 1910.

We started out in the fall of 1909 in the same spirit and in this our last year we fully equalled our previous successes. The first event was the football reception we tendered our heroes of the gridiron. The stellar event of our last year was the rousing good spread we gave the Friday before the Christmas holidays.

But all good times must come to a close some place and ours was ended in a grand blaze of glory at our Farewell. Saddened by the thot of our leaving the brown-stone schoolhouse on the hill, which we had learned to love so well, still we rejoiced that we had been able to reach the high summit of dignified Seniorhood.

C. M. M., '10.





A is for Abelson, Artful and able; In logs or in Trig ' He is there with the table.

B is for Burg, The elder of two; When you speak of an add He'll freeze on to you.

C is for Cant, Who can't see a secant; But in Vergil it's I see, And never see-can't.

D is for Donaldson; As our president twice, He sure cut up some And took a big shave of ice.

E is for Evans, With money galore; He takes of our cash, And always wants more. F is for Fee, Where art's a degree; Look at her drawings, She's there you will see.

G is for Guthrie, The fussing gallant; When he spies a young lassie, He ne'er says "I can't."

H is for Haley, Of heavenly renown; When she hit our class play She was the talk of the town.

I is for Irene, A maiden serene. When a Freshie I said: "List boys, she's a Queen."

J is for Jones, Who once won great fame; For our class play, fourteen tickets He bought for one dame.

K is for Irish, Sure-t'is Kelly we mean; The lad that can act And collect the long green.

L is for Lucy, A bird she sure is; When a rival appears, Tom sees that he gets his. M is for Russel, Ernest, Callie, and M— Ary Emily Gregory Meritt—a-hem!

N is for Naslund, Our plucky young Cap.; When in a fast game, He gives many a rap.

O is for Rupert O'Brien, a lad Whose class-work chills students, Tho it makes teachers glad.

P is for Peck, With sunshine she's there; Ask Arthur McMillan To give you a share.

Q is for Quimby, Our Besschen so neat; She needs no "Honey" To make her more sweet.

R is for Reichert, A maid we all love; If you don't believe it, Just view the sweet dove.

S is for Segog, The one S in the class; For Thorburn so tells us, So to T let us pass. **T** is for Thorburn, The one T in the class; For Gladys so tells us, So he'll let it pass.

U is for Uniform, Black and bright red, Worn by that team— No more need be said.

V is for victory, It came not, alas! But cheer up old tossers, You sure had some brass.

W is for Mary Anne, Our dark maid so stately: Her speech is straightforward— No (parenthesis) lately.

X is for Ten, Our noble class year; We've honored it long And made it quite dear.

Y is for yellow, A streak never found In 1-9-1-0, Where brave hearts abound.

Z is for Zlatkowski, Our debate whirlwind; Once he gets his speech going His opponents are skinned.



"THE BEST MAN."

(Second Prize Story.)

It was a strange coincidence that two candidates for quarter-back on Yale's Varsity Team should be hurrying on the same train to New Haven to commence early fall practice. It did seem strange, but there sat two husky chaps of nearly the same build interested in a poker game. There sat Will MacCracken, known as "Mac" to his classmates, the sturdy little quarterback, who had driven the Freshmen Team to a string of victories the year before. Opposite to "Mac" sat Jim Kirkland, the end of the last year's Freshman Team, who had thrilled Yale's rooters by a ninety yard run under seeming impossibilities. Here, sat two men, opponents in a card game, who were to be opponents on the gridiron for Yale honors.

Previous to their meeting, "Mac" had been cursing his luck at not having someone to converse with, when, lo and behold if Jim Kirkland didn't pile on the train at the next stop. After the usual Yale greeting and talk of where and how vacations were spent, they journeyed into a private compartment for a game of cards.

"I guess we are both out for the same position," remarked Jim as he shuffled the cards, "for you know I am too light for a Varsity end and the coach wants me to try for quarter." "I won't have much of a chance though," he continued, "for look at the way you played quarter on the Freshmen last year."

"I guess you have me beat by speed," replied "Mac," "take that ninety yard run in the game with Brown for instance."

"A mere accident," Jim remarked.

"The coaches and fellows don't think so, not by far. They say it was a piece of brilliant head-work, mixed with good dodging."

After playing for pennies for quite a while, Mac grew tired of the game and began to lose interest, thereby losing a few pennies.

"I wish," he remarked, "that we had some big stake to play for outside of money. Can you think of any?"

They both that for a few minutes, then a smile spread over Jim's face, for he had that of something to play for.

"I'll tell you one, the fellow who loses the next game doesn't get out for the team. There is a big stake for you," he remarked.

"That's almighty big," said Mac, "but I'm game if you are."

"All right then, the one who loses the next game don't try for the Yale Varsity Team," explained Jim.

It was Jim's deal and he shuffled the cards thoroughly so that each would have an even chance. He dealt them slowly so Mac could see every move. Mac did not at once raise his cards from the table, but gazed at them as if to read his fate in their backs, for he well knew that in that hand lay his chance to win or lose honors at football. After gathering his cards up he found he held two pairs. A pair of kings, a pair of jacks, and the five spot of hearts composed his hand. He discarded the five spot and drew another jack which made a full house. Mac held a hand that was hard to beat. Jim had discarded two cards and drawn two more.

"There is my hand," said Mac spreading his cards on the table, "do I win or lose?"

"You lose, Mac," exclaimed Jim, "I've got four aces."

Sure enough, Mac's hand was beaten. There in Jim's hand lay four aces.

"Well Jim, you make the team and I don't and here's wishing you good luck," said Mac, as he shook Jim's hand after they had left the train at New Haven, "not a word about my not training."

For four weeks the Yale coaches battled with the squad until eleven men were picked as regulars. Jim Kirkland had won the position of quarter. Mac,

true to his promise, had not donned his moleskins, although both coaches and football players had nearly dragged him out to practice. He did go and watch the team practice though, and never missed a practice either. Mac was always at the training table listening to the lectures on football. He knew every signal formation the team was taught. He would even tell the regular men what a certain signal stood for when it escaped their memory.

Brown was played and defeated, but by the lowest score in years. Yale said to have the best team in its history just defeated Brown! Something was wrong and the coaches knew what it was. Why! in one play in that Brown game, Bries, the big Yale tackle, had made eight yards in a tackle-back play and possibly would have made eight more had he not tripped on one of his own team-mate's heels. On the same play a second time, Bries had made six yards carrying four Brown men on his shoulders. Here is where the fault lay, the quarter had not picked out Brown's weak spots and had not driven his plays through them. The coaches could teach a quarter plays and in what circumstances to use them, but they could not foretell an opposing team's weak spots before they saw them shown. Yale needed a quarter who could find the opposing team's weak spots and hurl his plays through them.

Then came a big fright. Harvard easily defeated Brown. This got all Yale's men to thinking. Could Harvard be beaten by Yale? That was the question.

Jim was thinking too. He knew that he hadn't got the real worth out of the team. He was doing his best, but he lacked just one something, the something that Yale coaches had been trying to drive into his head for the past three weeks. Lectures at night, diagrams of plays and plots of the field, how they worked trying to fit him for the Harvard game, the game in which to win, many a Yale man had been carried off the field after having given all that he had to give to help his Alma Mater! Was he, Jim Kirkland, going to let Harvard win just because he was not the man to defeat her? No, he would find a man who would defeat Harvard if there was one in the whole college. He commenced to wonder if Mac could be the man to do it. Mac had certainly made that Freshman team win. The coaches had been a little disappointed when Mac refused to come out for practice. They had, probably, seen his worth. Above all things Mac knew what the coaches were trying to teach him. All things pointed to Mac as the man for the position. He would see Mac as soon as possible and explain to him, for Jim was of the stock that believed in the saying, "If you are not good enough, make room for the man who is."

Mac had just returned from the gymnasium, where daily he took his physical exercise, and was reading his favorite novel, when, without a cerimonious knock, the door burst open and in popped Jim Kirkland.

"Say old man," he exclaimed, half out of breath, "I am about giving up the job. I can't grasp the ideas the coaches are trying to drive into me."

"Oh stick to it, Jim," replied Mac, "they're giving you a lot of hot stuff about not being able to run the team."

"Hot or not, it is true all the same. I can't get the real worth out of the fellows no matter how hard I try. Now Mac, you know just what Killpatrick is driving at and you have to come out and help Yale win. Bet or no bet, I'll call it off Mac, because Yale needs you to win."

The following week Mac went out for practice. He had kept himself in training and needed only a few games with the scrubs to toughen him up. Jim had explained to the coaches and they tried him out. In the Princeton game they allowed him to play in the second half at a tie score. Princeton's end of the score remaind the same, not so Yale's. The sons of Old Eli tore down that field in plays that the coaches of Yale forgot they had taught. All kinds of plays were used to bewilder the Tigers and bewilder them they did. The rooters did not expect such a victory and went wild with joy.

Both, rooters of Harvard and Yale, rocked the earth as their respective warriors came on the field to do battle. At the end of seventy minutes only Yale rooters rocked the earth. After the first ten minutes the game was never in doubt. Harvard had not been able to stop the series of plays that Yale's quarter-back directed at them and so took their colors down to Yale.

All but one player of Yale walked off that field of glorious victory and that was Mac. He was carried off the field on the shoulders of his victorious teammates.

The most enthusiastic of them all was Yale's sub-quarter, the man to whom Yale's victory belonged, because he had let her win by letting the Best Man win.

HERBERT PAUL.



JUNIOR

M. PRUDDEN.

PRESIDENT
VICE PRESIDENT
SECRETARY
TREASURER
SERGEANTS-AT-ARMS
ASHER TAYLOR
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CLASS YELL
ONE NINE ONE ONE
WE'RE THE CLASS FOR
WORK AND FUN,
WE'LL BEAT THE OTHERS
ON THE RON.
ONE NINE ONE ONE
COLORS—
GREEN AND WHITE



EDITORIAL



That the following pages may reflect credit upon the class of 1911, and that, in later years, they may recall pleasant memories of our High School days, has been the aim of the Junior Zenith Board.

PALMER BEVIS.



CLASS HISTORY.

As a general thing it is customary for a class to show a great deal of self-pride, but in this third edition of our History we are trying to avoid it.

We have shown ourselves good losers as well as good winners; the former when we were defeated in our first game of football with the Sophomores; the latter when we defeated the Sophomores in Basket-ball, Base-ball, and Hockey, as Freshmen, and gained the Basket-ball championship as Sophomores.

Our Junior year has been marked by few victories for 1911. This, however, does not trouble us much as Juniors have no Foot-ball team, as no hockey games have been played and the base-ball season is yet to come.

We have surrendered our championship Basket-ball team for the welfare of the school, as the majority of the first team are members of the class of 1911. Thus we are "Pure Yankees" in our attitude towards the school for we fight not for the glory of the class when our duty is toward the unified classes.

We have also been successful socially, having given two enjoyable parties where our colors green and white formed beautiful decorations. And we have tried to follow the advice which a gentleman gave to his son upon entering college.

"Be a social success; be an athletic success; be a good fellow; and incidentally get your lessons if you can."

So, here's to the class of 1911, hoping she may arrive at the end of her High School career as brilliantly as her predecessors; and here's to the School, hoping that the classes to come may be graduated with as much honor as will the class of 1911.

MARIAN MOONEY, Class Historian.

THE MYSTERY.

"Oh Sterling, it's so hot! Let's stop and go for a paddle."

The speaker was a striking type of American girlhood. Attired in a simple sailor suit displaying her throat and arms tanned to a delicate brown and with a stray lock of golden hair gently brushing one rosy cheek. Vivien Maycroft was a decidedly attractive young lady.

Her companion, Sterling Graham, tall and dark, who was in his Junior year at Yale presented an equally good appearance.

"Just the thing, Vivien, good for you!"

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, so obtaining sweaters they proceeded to the Boat House and secured a canoe.

"Well, which way shall we go?" asked Sterling as they swung clear of the float.

"Oh, it doesn't make a particle of difference to me," she replied, settling herself comfortably in the soft cushions. "Any place where it is shady and we can cool off."

Accordingly he turned the bow of the canoe upstream and kept fairly close to shore where the trees cast delightful shadows over the water.

"This is great," she murmured, as a little breeze sent ripples over the surface of the water. "There is nothing more delightful or refreshing than the motion of a canoe. My! wasn't that last set a close one. I still think you missed that serve on purpose though, just to let me win."

They talked on for some time, he telling her of his college experiences and camping trips and she about the pranks and good times the girls had at her boarding school.

The scenery along the river was beautiful and as they were passing a particularly pretty spot, she suddenly exclaimed, "Say, I do believe there is the little creek Susie Walker was telling me about the other day. She said it was plenty large enough for a canoe. Let's turn in and explore it."

The entrance was barely visible from their present position, but upon coming closer it was seen that the drooping branches of two willow trees formed sort of a natural arch, thru which they entered the mouth of a little streamlet barely a rod wide. Its banks were lined with moss and shrubbery and below in the crystal depths could be seen little silver minnows darting here and there.

"Say, pinch me and see if I'm really here," exclaimed Vivien. "No wonder Susie was so crazy about it. Do let's go farther."

So, all unconscious of the passage of time, they slowly paddled up the mystic stream almost too enraptured with their surroundings to speak.

They were rudely awakened from their dreams by the sound of distant thunder, for so absorbed had they been, that the rise of dark clouds and the near approach of a storm had passed unnoticed.

"Well Vivien, I guess we had better head for home, hadn't we?" broke in Sterling.

"Yes indeed! How stupid of me not to notice it before. I know mother will be worried half to death. I don't care a bit for myself, for I love to be out in a storm."

The canoe was quickly headed in the other direction, but it was soon evident that they would be caught before they could get half way home, so spying some heavy shrubbery along the bank they prepared to draw in under it for shelter, when Vivien suddenly cried, "Oh look there! Isn't that the roof of a house?"

Sterling looked, and sure enough the corner of a log cabin was just visible thru the trees.

"What luck! We'll just pull the canoe up here on the bank and investigate."

No sooner said than done, they scrambled thru the bushes and reached the cabin just as the first big drops began to fall. The door was ajar and they stepped inside. It had evidently been unoccupied for some time as was shown by the dust on the floor and cobwebs in the corners, but it contained a table, a broken chair and a couple of boxes to say nothing of a few cheap prints on the walls and a fireplace stuffed full of paper.

"By Jove! Vivien, this is luck. I'll build a fire and we will be 'as snug as a bug in a rug' in no time."

Looking around as he spoke, for some kindling to start the fire he espied a ladder leading upstairs, "Hullo, what's this? Guess I'll take the elevator and see what the roof garden is like," he said.

Suiting the action to the word, he mounted the ladder and found himself in sort of a loft, so low that he was forced to crawl on his hands and knees. In the inky darkness he stumbled over something that rattled, and upon striking a light much to his horror, found a skeleton grinning up at him. With difficulty he suppressed a yell, and picking up a piece of paper lying near the

bones he scrambled for the ladder appearing below rather breathless and without any material with which to build the fire.

"Why Sterling, you're as pale as a sheet. Surely you are not afraid of ghosts."

"Ghosts nothing! replied Sterling, now outwardly calm but inwardly much perturbed, "I don't believe in such nonsense." Then taking up one of the boxes, to hide his emotion, he began to break it in pieces and soon a roaring fire helped to soothe his feelings and to make the little cabin warm and cheerful.

"Here, I've got a little surprise for you," said Vivien, as she passed a box of fudge over to her companion. "I smuggled this along, thinking it might taste good."

"Say, you certainly are a brick. I believe you knew all this was going to happen and prepared for it. I wouldn't have missed this for a good deal (trying to forget his experience of a few moments before.) "Thunder storms come in quite handy sometimes, don't they?"

Then, after a pause—"Vivien, what do you make of this?" he asked, as he handed her the piece of paper he had found up in the loft.

"Why, goosie, it looks very much like a common ordinary piece of paper extraordinarily dirty."

"I grant you that. Now it may be all my imagination, but examine it closely and see if you notice anything at all unusual about it."

"No, not the slightest. What in the world is the matter with you Sterling, has that fudge gone to your head?"

For answer he took the paper and held it an instant before the fire. Immediately some characters flared out strong and clear and with a smile of satisfaction, he returned the paper.

"Now what do you make of it?" he asked.

"Why Sterling, I beg your pardon, there are some characters—figures! But what if there are?"

"Nothing at all, perhaps, only I just had an idea that it might be a code or cipher of some sort. Let's see what we can make of it."

This was what they read.

4:20:8:18:5:5:-:2:25:-:6:20:23:15:

After studying and puzzling at it for a long while Sterling was ready to give up, but Vivien, her pencil busy all the while, suddenly cried, "I've got it."

Sterling was at her side in an instant. "See it's very simple. I just numbered the alphabet from one to twenty-six, then substituting the letters it reads: D three by F two, but now are you any wiser than you were before?"

"Decidedly," said Sterling. "Listen, D must mean door and F fireplace, so it might read 'three feet from the door by two feet from the fireplace.' Now if you won't make too much fun of me I'm going to take up the floor under that place just to see if there could be anything there."

"Make fun of you! Why Sterling, no. Go ahead! I'm so excited. Please hurry!"

Whereupon he ripped up the board in question and sure enough in the exact spot indicated by the cipher reposed a little metal box.

"Oh, Sterling," Vivien exclaimed, "What do you suppose is in it? I can hardly wait."

The box was not large but quite heavy and was secured by a heavy padlock. After a little difficulty, Sterling smashed the lock, and upon opening the box a piece of paper fluttered to the floor.

Both snatched at it, and Vivien being a little quicker read these words aloud:

"All that glitters is not gold,

But do not think that you've been sold; For when in need or dire disaster, Use Doc Soakum's Mustard Plaster."

The rest of the box was neatly packed with pebbles.

"Well, what do you think of that?" she finally managed to ejaculate.

Then without further words Sterling made a dash for the ladder resolved to get to the bottom of the affair. It was just as he had expected, they were not human bones at all, but simply those of some harmless bovine.

A much crestfallen young man reappeared some minutes later to be met by an equally crestfallen young lady.

"Look here, Sterling!" And sure enough cut deeply on the same board he had taken up were the initials S. W. and D. G.

"Susie Walker and Dick Grant," declared Vivien. "I guess that solves our problem. Just wait till I get hold of her!"

PALMER BEVIS.





THE CITY THAT BELIEVES.

In the ages past a giant finger

Pointed and is pointing still,

Finger of an inland ocean

Pointed toward the Western hills;

Long before the great migration of the races had begun,

Pointed toward the goal of nations

Towards the daily setting sun.

Like a giant pirate's cipher chart the finger pointed clear To a treasure, spoils of Nature,

And said, "Dig, ye searcher, here!"

Man is slow to read in Nature promises of bounty stored, Yet the pen of Heaven's more trusty

Than the conquering monarch's sword.

The sword may win its prizes in the full of cities fair

Yet Nature writes, "Rebuild!

With the timber I've planted there."

So the finger of this inland ocean with its power to fortell,

Commanded, "build ye here a city, for

I have provided well."

Past the coal fields of the Quakers, past Lake Erie's golden gate Past the lumber of the Michigans

The Copper and the Badger State,

To the head of the "Father of Waters," to the land of the iron veins To that buried lever of progress

In the "Triune Mountain Range"

The finger pointed to the ore like a compass to its pole

So self-evident, however, that man,

Narrow-minded, did not see its goal.

Yet he built a city there and "Twin Ports" were humbly born

For God had set a strip of land

Betwixt the city and the storm;

Iron Port soon rail was brought to meet these two

And the city woke to find, that

Nature's finger pointed true.

That giant finger still is pointing towards the Western sun

And the city at its apex

A new life has begun,

Believing that the finger which her birth had long foreseen

Will some day, with God's approval

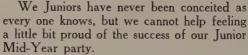
Point to her, "A Queen."

STANLEY LAMB.









We had good decorations, the unsurpassable green and white; a good dinner, good speeches, from Mr. Buck who extended his congratulations, the various class presidents, who brought greetings from their classes, and Miss Taylor our class advisor, who delighted us all with her impromptu but very appropriate remarks; good music, which caused us to adjourn to the upper hall where our good time was continued till the strains of "Home Sweet Home."

The large attendance at the dance confirmed our ideas that others enjoyed the party as well as ourselves and therefore all are looking forward to the Junior-Senior.

ELEANOR ASKE '11.









THE TALE OF A COMET.

She was so dainty, so beautiful, so silvery, she sparkled and her five points were so sharp. Usually her eye twinkled gaily, but sometimes it was so dim that I fancied it was a tear that stood in its depths. One night I knew that it was, for she loved the big star in the East and he loved her. They were miles and miles apart and could not tell each other of their love.

How he longed to be near her! He had planned many different times to fly to her thru the air, but something always happened to prevent him. One night there was an awful storm and a big black cloud was between them. Another night she was so dim that he could not see her at all. The big star feared she had fallen into space and he wept and mourned her loss for many, many nights, not daring to look towards her place in the Heavens for he was sure it was vacant. But at last, unable to bear it longer, he looked and saw her smiling brightly at him thru the crystal air. It was Christmas and do not the very Heavens rejoice on that night?

So time went on, still the little star in the West smiled and twinkled to her big brother in the East. One night the big star saw a bright light in the sky, which he knew was a comet. Night after night he waited until it came very close to him. Finally it was so close that he jumped onto its tail as it whizzed thru the air. Never had he ridden so fast, all the while glorying in the thrill it sent over him. For was it not bearing him nearer to her? As he reached her he held out his arms. Gladly she sprang into them and away they flew with the kind old comet for an air-ship.

Life is now one glad honey-moon for the little silvery star in the West and the big golden star in the East, as

"Every star falls in love with its mate," And they wed up above sure as fate."

Suggestion to reader:

It may be that the comet is the four years of study that fly by so quickly, and the big golden star is graduation night, while the hopeful little star in the West is the student who longs for the last night, the most coveted of the four happy years.

FLORENCE WEBB.





FIRST TEAM



SECOND TEAM

JUNIOR ATHLETICS.

(Boys)

During the past year the class of 1911 has battled valiantly to maintain her position at the head of school athletics. The fact that she has not shown with her usual brilliancy in class basket-ball can be easily explained, for she has four of the best players on the D. C. H. S. first team. In spite of this handicap the team defeated its old rivals, the Sophomores, in a fast clean game by the score of 19 to 15.

1911 was also well represented on the foot-ball team and feels justly proud of the fact that of the thirteen D's awarded, five were captured by her men.

In the spring track meet and in inter-class base-ball may she carry off most of the honors and may each one strive to keep old 1911 at the head!

EBEN SPENCER.



JUNIOR ATHLETICS.

(Girls)

The idea of girls having basket-ball teams and inter-class games, as well as the boys, has often been thought of but never really carried out till this year. Both the first and second teams are working hard for the Junior supremacy. Few of the girls have ever played before, but are doing exceptionally well and are improving with every practice.

Although this is our first year at basket-ball, it is the same with the other classes, and therefore we have an equal chance for the inter-class championship.

First team line-up:

Center-Lucile Schmidt.

Forwards—Madeline Cheadle, Lydia Woodbridge.

Guards-Marie Watkins (capt.), Ruth Neimeyer.

Second team line-up:

Center-Pauline Alford.

Forwards-Eleanor Aske, Alice Farrell.

Guards-Marian Mooney, Mary Whipple.

AMBITION.

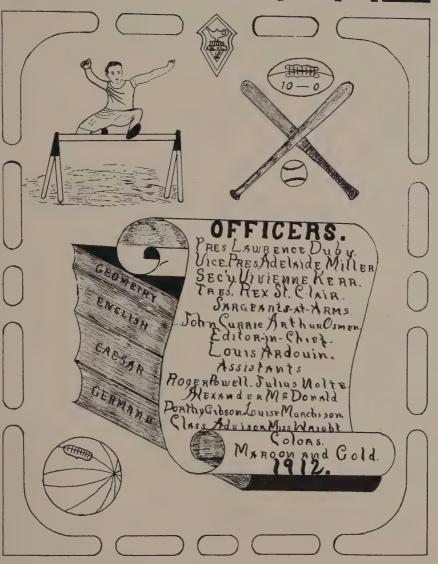
When the Freshman enters High School With a quaking in his heart, Resolved to get his lessons
And in life to make a start;
How he digs and crams and studies
And burns the midnight oil,
For he has visions of becoming
President by his toil.

Then a Sophomore he becomes With a much inflated head, He only crams and studies For exams, so it is said; Hops and parties fill his mind And study hours are few, For instead of being President Governor will do.

Next a Junior worldly wise
With his jaunty care-free air,
Though he's back some four semesters
He doesn't seem to care;
He is perfectly contented
With his marks however slim
For instead of Governor
Mayor looks good to him.

Now a Senior and Oh my!
He has reached the goal at last
With enough knowledge stored away
To make a man aghast;
He is thru with hops and parties
And with other High School joy,
For now he'll feel quite lucky
To be an office boy.

SOPHOMORE





The Class of 1912 upon making its second appearance in this Zenith of Zeniths aims to show its increase in ability and to prove worthy of its School.

The Zenith Board has made an effort to do this and hopes it has not been entirely unavailing.

It is said that the worth of book lies in its reading. Read on.

LOUIS R. ARDOUIN, '12.



CLASS HISTORY.

Large in number, good in scholarship, brilliant socially, and strong in athletics; the Class of 1912 has already proved that it is a factor to be reckoned with in High School affairs. We have always lived up to our motto, and have made our colors, Maroon and Gold, very conspicuous, at the various functions and contests of the school.

Our first meeting, as Freshmen, resulted in the following officers:— James Kelly, President; Adelaide Miller, Vice President; Mary Boyle, Secretary; Herbert Helmer, Treasurer; Robert Miller and Allan Johnson, Sergeants-at-Arms.

During our first year we succeeded in holding the Sophomore-Junior team to a six to two score in football, and in at least giving the other classes a run in basket ball, base ball, and on the track. Our class was also represented on the football team of the school.

Out of deference to the memory of our departed principal Mr. Smith, we refrained from holding any social gatherings during our first year.

This year, as Sophomores, we have been even more successful. We have defeated the Freshmen in the annual football game by the largest score in years, and our basket ball team won the championship of the school. Altho the early publishing of the Zenith, as usual, prevents the recording of our achievments in base-ball and track athletics, it is safe to prophesy a good showing in both.

We have also had many good times socially, among them our hop.

Our officers for the year have been:-

Lawrence Duby, President; Adelaide Miller, Vice President; Vivienne Kerr, Secretary; Rex St. Clair, Treasurer; John Currie and Arthur Osman, Sergeants-at-arms.

Altogether, we are well satisfied with the record we have made, and look forward to our future years with confidence.

JULIUS NOLTE, '12.

A WORD OF THANKS.

Oh thou teacher of History,

Who knowledge to us imparts,

We wish to render thanks to thee

From the bottom of our hearts,

For the good things thou hast tried to teach,

For the advice thou hast given;

The best things of this life to reach,

To help us thou hast always striven.

Thy counsel always hath been true,

Thy manner always kind,

And in all deeds sanctioned by you

No one a fault can find.

All the Sophomores do agree

That they have grown much wiser,

Resulting from the fact, you see,

That you've been class adviser.

J. N.

Respectfully dedicated to Miss Wright by the Class of '12.









AH-REY-NES-TON; or, THE STORY OF THE OJIBWAYS.

Long, long ago, when the shores of the Gitche Gumee were still the hunting grounds of the Indians, when the moose, the caribou, and the deer lived in the forest, undisturbed by the white man, a band of Ojibways built their campfires on the shore that borders the Big Sea Water. Sentinels paced the rounded heights day and night. There, the signal fire and curling smoke bore a message or spoke a warning to the tribe which dwelt safely on the plain below, with no fear of approaching danger.

It was during this happy peaceful time that Wa-kon-De-ko-ra, a brave young chief, the boldest of his tribe, sought the hand of Ah-Rey-nes-ton, called the Red Rose of the Ojibways. She roamed with her lover over the hills and thru the forest, listening to love's magic tales. When the moon had risen, they glided down the Big Sea Water in their birch canoe. The stillness was broken occasionally by the quick bound of a deer, the hoot of an owl, the splash of the muskrat, of the long, mournful cry of the wild-cat as he hunted for his nightly prey.

One day, the danger signal was given, for a hostile tribe approached their land. Both old and young were forced to fight in the battle that ensued. Showers of arrows thinned the enemy's ranks, while they in turn, hurled spears with deadly effect. The savage yell rose exultantly as the Ojibway warriors fell—one by one. The sun, to which they offered sacrifices and called for aid, rode heedlessly on toward the western sky.

The next day, the fight was continued with scarcely a pause. While Ah-Rey-nes-ton knelt and prayed that her lover might not die, she heard a shout of victory, and afraid of ill news, quickly sought her lover's side. He was bravely

fighting with the small remnant of his followers. As the day declined, several of the Ojibways fled for safety in their canoes, but were closely pursued by the enemy. Then Wa-kon-De-ko-ra, with his few warriors who were left, took his stand to protect the helpless women and children. Demon cries rang thru the forest, as the foe beset the brave defenders who showed no sign of fear, but stood all thru the night keeping guard.

Just at peep of day, the foe came on, eager to press the fight. Then, when the Ojibways had not enough braves left to hold the enemy in check, the foe scaled the heights to slay the wounded and massacre the women and children. Ah-Rey-nes-ton remained by her lover's side to share with him whatever might be his fate. From the foe came taunts and jeers, as they saw the helplessness of the Ojibways. One instant, only, silence reigned. Then the bold chief, Wakon-De-ko-ra undauntedly faced the crowd of mocking foes, and cried out,

"Despised invaders! I stand here on my native soil to fight alone—you free foeman—for never will I be taken captive!"

Suddenly, a spear whizzed by Ah-Rey-nes-ton, so closely that it barely missed her. Shivering, she awoke as from a trance, and gazed around. She gently took her lover's hand in her own, and softly said,

"Dost thou not know thine own, De-ko-ra?" There was no answer. His hand fell motionless and cold. Then Ah-Rey-nes-ton gave one wild, piercing shriek that seemed to stir the very forest, and with upraised hands, wailed;

"Mamiton, Showain, Nmesshin Wahonwin." (Spirt, pity me; cry of lamentation.)

And from the forest, the trees and the birds wailed Wahonwin. At twilight, the Father Spirit buried the bold chief of the Ojibways.

Ah-Rey-nes-ton was carried off a captive—thru the paths of the forest she had been wont to tread before her kindred were slain. The willows bent low and wept for the departure of the Ojibway tribe. Thus, the conquerors bore to far-off lands their trophy of that cruel war. The heart of Ah-Rey-nes-tor was so benumbed with grief that she spoke no word. When two moons had passed away, their captive was given to wed Shangoday a brave hostile. The night of the feast had come, and the bridal wreath adorned Ah-Rey-nes-ton's brow. Outside, the lighning that flashed across the sky, betokened that a storm was near. At last Ah-Rey-nes-ton's spirit had awakened to life. How could she be another's bride? Quickly wrapping her blanket about her, she sped out thru the dense forest, not caring where her footsteps led her. On and on she ran, and when she could finally go no farther, she stopped to rest beneath a high cliff. Again she beseeched pity from the Father Spirit, and cried out,

"Shangodaya comes to take the Red Rose to his tepee, he comes to take her to the region of the South Wind, away from the lodges of her people."

The thunder peals stirred the forest, and when the storm came at last, Ah-Rey-nes-ton lay on the ground contented. The watchful trees kept their vigil over her, while she slept thru the night. Forward she pressed for full four moons, and was so bewildered that she did not know in which direction she was traveling. Fatigued and hungry, she often sighed for the lover's burial place.

The winter came, bringing with it sleet and rain which chilled her blood, for she had now no warmer clothing, food, or shelter. Then, as the snow began to fall, the call of Wa-kon-De-ko-ra,

"Ah-Rey-neston! Ah-Rey-nes-ton!" rose before her. She followed, till at last she came to his sacred burial place. For a long time, they have kept each other's company beneath the sod, and whisper their love songs—soft and low. And sometimes, in the night, the spirits of Wa-kon-De-ko-ra and Ah-Rey-neston are seen to wing their way across the moonlit Big Sea Water, toward the region of the West Wind, toward the Happy Hunting Grounds.



"I have no idea," answered Fastun, "except that of robbery," and now I recall he flushed slightly when he said it. Homes had meanwhile fixed his cold eyes on the man and seemed to be scrutinizing him closely.

"Well," he said finally and with determination in his tone, "I will probe this matter to the bottom."

"All right, good night," said Fastun in the tone of a person who has been forced to do a thing against his will, and he was gone.

"As it was only eight o'clock Homes asked me if I would not take a stroll down town with him as he wanted something for his experiments. On our way back Homes bought a "dope-sheet" in one of the many new stands that had them for sale. We found that Skeet was first, Punk second, Mary Ann third, Spittin and several others fourth in the betting odds.

Next morning when I awoke I found Homes arrayed in riding breeches and boots. In short, a full fox hunt regalia. "Watsane, don't be surprised. We are off for a day at the race-track. Now listen, you are to pose as a hostler and I as a rich horse-breeder. My name is to be Smith."

He soon produced my necessary equipment and we were off to the track. We were among the stables in a short time, Homes looking at each horse and criticizing him with the air of a veteran. We were shown the substitute for Skeet and the favorites in the betting odds. Homes was specially interested in Punk who was in stall 15, a beautiful specimen of his breed with thin fetlocks, dainty limbs and an all round air of good breeding. The substitute horse was a very good looking animal but lacked the vim and mettle of Punk. He was a black horse and so was Punk, both resembling each other closely. Homes remarked this to me and soon after we left the stable.

Homes said little that night but seemed to be thinking deeply. In the morning the silence was continued. He received a telephone call in the afternoon from Mr. Fastun saying that he had found hoof-prints that he knew were Skeet's by the make of the shoe and for Homes to come as soon as possible to the stable.

Upon our arrival Mr. Fastun, who was much flurried over the discovery, quickly pointed out the hoof-prints. Homes examined them very closely and I

heard him mutter to himself "Just as I thot" several times and meanwhile seeming to be highly amused about something. We followed the prints as far as the road where they were lost in the tangle of other marks. "I think I will be able to find the man," said Homes to Fastun, "in a few days. Since the Derbyis four days off I think I will have the horse returned in due time."

That evening after Homes had settled himself in a big arm chair he asked me if I that I knew the thief of the horse.

"No," I replied, "I have no idea."

"Well I have," he declared much to my amazement, "I'm pretty sure it is this man Fastun, but I cannot prove it, so to-morrow you and I must play pick-pocket. You remember in that Milverton case when you played burglar with me. Surely you won't stop at such a tame thing as picking pockets will you?"

"All right, just as you say," I answered, although I was not anxious to comply with the request.

Next day Homes and I went disguised as common ordinary "pikers" or as fellows who inhabit the track, betting small sums of money and walking home without carefare. We saw Fastun in the crowd and moved as close to him as possible, he not even recognizing us so complete was the disguise. We had been there but a short time when Fastun was handed a telegram. He read it hurriedly and jammed it carelessly into his coat-pocket. Upon a signal from Homes I jostled the man and Homes extracted the piece of yellow paper. We made our get-away soon after this and when in the security of our rooms Homes opened it. It read as follows:

"See our mistake now. Will send Skeet back to-morrow in time for race. Will get Punk yet." Jameson.

"Well you see how it is now don't you Watsane" said Homes, "and all we have to do is to catch them in the act."

Next day Homes called up Fastun by telephone and told him to come to our rooms that afternoon. Fastun appeared at the appointed hour and asked what was wanted.

"You want the thief don't you?" said Homes.

"Yes," said Fastun.

"Well, did you ever feel like wanting yourself, Mr. Fastun?"

"What do you mean?" asked Fastun much excited.

"I don't understand the meaning of your question" and he rose to go.

"Keep your seat" said Homes coldly and backed his remark with a small revolver. "I mean just this. You are the instigator of the theft of Skeet only you made a mistake by not taking Punk. It was a cowardly move and as they say in Russia the instigator of a theft is a greater criminal than the thief and he, too, ought to be punished."

Fastun sank into the chair subdued.

After he had been locked up Homes and I together with two policemen went out to the stable and secreted ourselves in Punk's stall. We had not waited long after eleven o'clock when we heard muffled conversation outside and two men putting a horse in another stall and taking another one out. "They're bringing back Skeet" whispered Homes to me. In a few moments the outsiders came to Punk's stall pried the door and as soon as it was opened we were upon them. A short tussel and they were both hand-cuffed.

On returning, Homes and I were tired by our night's work and as it was late we decided to stay in that night.

"Well how did you do it?" I asked after we were seated before the grate.

"Very simple—that is if you use reasoning. I will begin with the first of the story as all beginnings start at the first. You see, that night you and I went down town I bought a "dope-sheet" and found that Punk was next to Skeet in the betting odds. I went to the stable next day just on a nosing tour, as I might call it and noticed the striking similarity between the two horses Punk and the substitute horse and I reasoned that the substitute must be like Skeet to be a substitute, consequently Skeet and Punk must be very much alike. You noticed that Skeet was in stall 13 while Punk was in stall 15. The top of the five on the stall 15 was partly obliterated while the three on stall 13 was in a like condition and you can plainly see that these two numbers would be very apt to be confused in the dark or by aid of a match or lantern. Then Fastun called us by 'phone in the afternoon two days after the theft you remember, to tell us that he had found hoof-prints which he knew to be Skeet's. Why did he call

us up so late? I looked closely for marks of that sort when I went to the stables in disguise.

These marks were made by Fastun with the aid of a horse with shoes like Skeet's. The shoes on this horse had been reversed. I proved this by knowing that a horse's foot always slips forward, if in any direction, on level ground especially if it is soft and muddy like that surrounding the stables. Now, these hoof-prints slipped backward thus proving the shoes to have been turned to throw us off the scent. Then the telegram made the connecting link, and here we are.

"Just one question, Homes, what do you think was the motive?"

"Fastun realizing that Punk was a better horse than Skeet decided to get him out of the way. The accomplices, however, got mixed in the stall numbers and made the mistake that caused Fastun's downfall."

Next day Skeet was proved to be the property of a rich farmer, having been stolen by Fastun.

The Derby was won by Punk.

LOUIS R. ARDOUIN.





TRACK.

Freshmen are never credited with much ability in track work but last year the class of 1912 finished second,—a good record for the youngest class in school. A new record was established by one of our men in the discuss throw and the rest of the team showed up well in the other events as the number of points they gained will testify.

BASEBALL.

The class of 1912 beat the class of 1911 last year in a game of baseball. The score of 7 to 6 will bear out my statement of its being a close game and of the Freshmen having a better team than did their opponents.

Freshmen-Sophomore Football Game, Saturday, Nov. 20, 1909.

From the reports given out by the Freshmen coaches and the victory of their team over a neighboring school, we expected to have a hard game, so when it began we played on the defensive. The gridiron was a "perfect sea of mud." At the end of the first half neither side had scored. Between halves our "Coach Larry Boyle" told us to get to work and "rip things up." We did so. As soon as the whistle blew announcing the beginning of the second half we started in to take our coach's advice. The freshmen became fatally excited—so much that when their captain was running back of a punt one of his own men tackled him.

We gave the Freshmen all the needed chances to win but they were too slow to take advantage or else were so completely bewildered that they didn't know enough. In a fumble one of our men brought the ball to them instead of scoring a touch-down, as they needed some encouragement to continue the game. Nevertheless the game ended with a score of 10 to 0 in our favor.

"DUTCH."



BASKET BALL.

This year the basket ball team of the Class of 1912 won the champion-ship of the Interclass League. The victory will, as usual, be rewarded by a pennant, presented by the Boys' Department Y. M. C. A., under whose direction the contests were held.

The team was tied for first place with the Freshmen, making a special series of three games necessary. Our team took the first two games.

The Sophomore team showed a greater knowledge of the game than the Freshmen, and displayed excellent team work.

The first game was rather slow, the Sophomores winning by a 14—11 score.

In the last game our team showed more speed and prevented the Freshmen from getting one field-basket. All of their points resulted from fouls. We won by the big score of 18—8.

The line up was as follows:

Captain Charles Jeronimus,
Rex St. Clair,
Arthur Osman,
Dave Cook,
Robert Mars,
Center.

The Sophomore Girls' Basket Ball Team under the direction of Misses M. Frances Pullar and Edith E. Smith, physical directors of the Y. W.C. A., has been doing splendid work thus far.

They are in a fair way to win the championship this year having gained a victory over the Seniors and also the Freshmen. The scores for the two games, respectively were 23—5 and 12—2. The second team deserves credit for their work in affording the first team a good opportunity for practice.

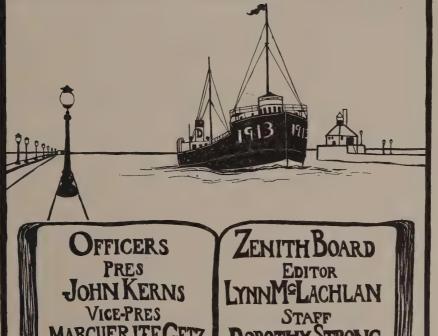
The team was composed of the following:-

Forwards—Lucile Hoar, Lilly Moe.

Guards-Harriet Harrison, Katherine Smith.

Center-Nellie Feetham (Captain).





OFFICERS
PRES
PRES
JOHN KERNS
VICE-PRES
MARGUER ITE GETZ
SEC
JEAN MARSHALL
TREAS
LAWRENCE KENNEDY
SERGEANTS
MATTHEW BROWN
WALTER LAWRENCE

ZENITH BOARD
EDITOR
LYNNM LACHLAN
STAFF
DOROTHY STRONG
WINIFRED BATEMAN
HOWARD SUKEFORTH
RICHARD CULLUM
CLASS ARTIST
KENNETH HARRIS
COLORS
BLACKAND YELLOW

)909-)9)3

CRACE VROMAN:13



Through the following pages of this section of the Zenith, the Class of 1913 makes its entrance into the active life of the Duluth Central High School. We hope that in your criticisms you will remember that this is our first attempt at editorial work, and so encourage us that some day we shall be able to do as well, if not better, than our upper classmen.

LYNN MacL.





CLASS HISTORY

On the 16th of September, 1909, there crowded up the steps of the Duluth Central High School four hundred and twenty-five Freshmen. They were young and inexperienced, but cherished high hopes for the future.

Modesty is a great quality; but it is the School custom to sing the praises of one's own class, we must seem to forget our modesty, yet is it boasting to say that our class can claim a place among the greatest that ever entered these halls? What class before ever came in four hundred and twenty-five strong, what class before ever had the distinction of being looked up to by the Seniors, Juniors and even the Sophomores? If you doubt what I say just come to chapel any morning and notice our high position in the assembly.

But these are not all of our great qualities. 1913 was the first class to vote on the adoption of a school pin. And when have the Freshmen ever had such a record in basketball?

On November twentieth our football team met the rival team of heavier men on a wet and snowy field. Of course according to the custom of our ancestors, we gave them the game.

With such a record may we not hope much for the future? May we fight our battles in classroom and on field bravely and honorably, and may the gold and black always lead us to victory.

WM. LUNDBERG.





THE FRESHMAN.

The little Freshies catch it
From morning until night,
To guy them and to catch them
Is every one's delight.

You ought to see the Freshmen
Who in the rear seats sit
And giggle all thru chapel,
And please the teachers—nit.

All thru their vacant periods
They sit and watch the clock,
Instead of working Algebra
Until the bell rings, "Stop."

The other classmen've been there, too; And tho our hearts are sore, We comfort take; for 'tis Freshman That makes the Soph-o-more.



The Classes.

According to the law of the Sophomores that "Freshmen should be seen and not heard", we have tried to attend to our own business and have surprised the teachers by knowing so much, and the Sophomores by not being afraid of them.

Last year the teachers had a very hard time with the Freshmen, now the mighty Sophomore Class. One of the teachers used to tell such stories as the following to make them become interested in their history: "Croesus once had a dumb son; did any of you know that?" Of course none of them did. "Well," the teacher went on, "when the soldiers of Cyrus came into the palace to take Croesus a captive, his son, who had never spoken a word, cried out: 'Harm not my father!' How many of you believe that"? asked the teacher. Most of them did and the next day the poor teacher would have to think of another story to amuse the children with.

Miss Taylor wore out the small sum of one dozen rulers trying to keep those Freshmen in order. She has worn out only one ruler this year, and that was when she was trying to call some Sophomores to order. Even Mr. Custance would say that it has been a great deal easier to break the Freshmen in this year than it was last year. So it was with everything the Sophomores did or tried to do.

The next thing is a line about the Juniors, which is very easy to say, and the Juniors should be proud to think that it is said, that they were the most brilliant class in the High School, until our class entered, the Class of 1913.

The next task is to take up those Seniors. They were Freshmen so long ago that they have forgotten the date they entered. They went through the halls with their noses higher than their heads, until the result of the Basket-ball game between the Freshmen and the Seniors made them aware of the presence of others in the school, even if they were only Freshmen.

Then the great class, The Freshmen Class. Everyone who comes to chapel on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, visitors in particular, see that the Freshmen have the highest place of all, the gallery. Although we do not intend to stay in the gallery all through our High School years, we do intend to make a record as good, if not better, than any of the preceding classes.

MAUDE E. MACINTYRE, '13.



FRESHMEN.

F stands for Freshmen so jolly and bold,

R stands for Romieux, whose looks are so cold,

E stands for the Educators of our corps,

S stands for Miss Salter, our dear counselor,

H stands for Harmony, which exists in our class,

M stands for MacEwen, whom none can surpass,

E stands for Embarrassment we showed that first day,

N stands for the Nerve which we now display.

MARION TODD, '13



Our participation in High School Athletics began with the annual Freshman-Sophomore Football game held on November 19, 1909. Our team went down to defeat before a stronger and more experienced team, one which outplayed us at all critical stages of the game. We congratulate the Sophomores on having such an able representation on the football field and hope they will be as successful in all branches of athletics not conflicting with our own.

We are glad, very glad, to be arrayed against the Sophomores. First, because we want to settle up accounts, and, second, because we are sure of a clean series against players, who if necessary, will lose as gracefully as they have won.

Next we look toward the track season. We are hopeful, almost confident. We have such material as is very seldom seen together under one class. If you will glance over the records of the meet held between the grammar schools a year ago, you will see some records in the sprints, distance running and jumping that will make your eyes blink.

On the whole we have made an enviable showing on the athletic field, and hope for greater things. By the time we have reached a more mature age, we are confident that we shall make a record which will excel the efforts of all previous classes, and all classes to come, a record which will live in the history of the school as one untouched and unbeaten, a model of all athletic ambitions for classes down the ages to the end of time.

RICHARD CULLUM, '13.









Freshmen Girls' Basketball.

Juniors 17 Seniors 4 Sophomores 12 Freshmen 8 Freshmen 3

Not such a bad record for Freshmen, is it? It is hard enough to be learning to play basket ball without being Freshmen too. But we came out on top every time till we met our rivals, the Sophomores, and then we tried to take our defeat as gracefully as we could. It made it a little easier to have the two upper classes sympathize with us but we congratulate the Sopohmores on receiving the hard earned championship of 1910 and are sure we will have that place next year as Sophomores.

Eunice Whipple (Capt.) forward. Mildred Miller, forward.

Centers: Bertha Miller, Ella Currier.

Guards: Florence Whipple, Winnifred Hopkins.



COMRADES



Cut in the dense forest of the upper lake region, fifty miles from a rail-road, and nearly as far from any human being, lived two men with ties of friendship knitted closely by years of sole comradeship in the dense wilderness of the Canadian border. One was a young man perhaps thirty years old, but with hair that already told that the sun of youth was waning, and a high brow with signs which plainly told of troubles not light nor few.

The other appeared to be about thirty years older, with a pleasant, jovial face partly hidden by a bushy, rusty colored beard. This man was a leper.

For years these two had lived together in a little log cabin of two rooms. One was arranged neatly with a soft well blanketed bunk against each wall, with skins of bear and deer heads concealing the rough logs of the wall, while in the centre stood a stove easily reached from either bunk to keep the wintry air on its own side of the logs and bear skins.

The other room served as a store-room for supplies purchased annually from the station. This also had a stove for preparing their woodsman's tare.

Fall had advanced well into November, yet too early for the stove in the bunk-room. The sound of an axe could be heard coming thru the trees from the north, while from the south and east and west came the silence, the great silence of the wilderness. Now it was broken by the scolding of a squirrel or

the hammering of a woodpecker, now by the breeze moaning softly thru the tops of pine trees or the chirp of a bird calling to its mate.

Inside the shanty the young man was preparing his pack for his annual trip to the station. He was late in starting this season and was anxious to get off early the next morning. Soon the old man entered with an armful of wood which he dropped in the wood box beside the stove. Then turning to the younger man he said "Tim, what's the use of your coming back here when you get in? It hasn't got you yet and there's just a chance it won't if you'll stay away from here. I can live here happily with the birds and the beasts, and look at your hair whiter than mine because you've been worrying about that plagued disease."

"Oh, I know I'm a coward," returned Tim, "worrying about that disease, but don't rub it in Jack, please don't."

"Tim," said Jack, preparing their noon day meal, "Its a brave man that never fears, but its a braver man that fears and yet goes on."

"No, Jack, I'm not a quitter—you know that. What'll you do when you begin to waste away and can't shift about? Then who's going to keep you from thirsting or starving to death?"

The same conversation had been religiously rehearsed annually since Jack was taken with the leprosy, with the same result. Tim Levell always returned to share his pleasures and trials with his unfortunate friend.

Jack Kirke was fast wasting away. His features were distorted, his feet were badly wrecked and several of his fingers were useless. In a few years he would have breathed his last here in the little clearing surrounded by the pines and birches. And yet he was happy, always gay never depressed or sad, and always with a pleasant smile and a cheering word for his only companion.

It was morning not yet light, but nevertheless morning in the minds of the woodsmen. They were up and ready, Jack was helping Tim to get his pack on his shoulders.

Finally it was on and Jack said for the last time, "Tim, won't you please stay in this time? I don't want to feel that I'm a murderer, that I tortured a man to death with this leprosy. Can't you see how I feel, Tim? Can't you see?"

But Tim failed to see, failed to see anything but that there was a human being, a friend in need of comfort and Tim never shirked a duty. So he started off along the trail.

Before he had gone a hundred yards he was stopped by Jack's calling thru the trees, "Hey! Tim, don't forget that corduroy suit and those nails."

"I've got a list," came back thru the trees, and Jack was alone with his thoughts. He determinedly jammed his hands into his pockets and forced an ever ready smile to spread over his tanned countenance.

"Well, some man's hobby may be another man's nightmare as the proverb runs but Tim seems to be riding his own nightmare, staying out here with me, and worrying his life away. He says he won't get it, says he used to study something about will power. Well, maybe, but I haven't seen yet." So he ran on muttering to himself while he went about his work getting in wood, washing the breakfast dishes and making up the bunks.

The sun started to rise, a great ball of flame seen thru the pines and birches, turning every drop of the last dew of the summer into glittering diamonds and every leaf of the birches into an emerald. This is what makes the red blood flow and quickens the pulse, this sunrise in the wilderness. Jack had seen it every morning for years and yet he never tired of watching this great ball of light start on its way across the skies.

Tim noticed the sun rise while on the trail, but had no wish to drop his work. He still trudged on. The denizens of the forests were endeavoring to outdo one another in chatter and song. The creek along which he was traveling babbled on, linked here and there by falls and rapids. Tim plodded on until the sun sank to rest over the hills to the west, then rolling himself up in his blankets he slept the sound, dreamless sleep of the woodsman. The next day was colder, the leaves were beginning to fall in earnest. Again there was the sunrise so similar and yet so different every morning. The clouds that had been hanging over the horizon when Tim started were completely swept away and the sky was as clear as the brook wherein it was reflected. The air was exhilerating and Tim felt it in every limb and muscle. He swung his pack lightly to his shoulders, adjusted his head-strap and started on down the brook. For years he had packed down this stream annually at first with Jack, now alone with the birds and the beasts. This day and the next passed uneventfully and Tim arrived safely in town. Fifty miles through a forest in three days was a man's job and it was a man who completed it.

The town was the usual type of small railroad towns, with a small, low, rusty red station around which are crowded several stores and saloons with all types of woodsmen grouped about in the door ways.

Tim spied one building more substantial-looking than the others where rooms were advertised for rent. Here he made arrangements for the night and taking his pack to the room, returned to the main floor. What met his eyes was not pleasing. On one side was a bar, at the rear and other side were counters littered with all imaginable merchandise that appeals to the woodsman. Tim selected from the pile on the floor two suits of corduroy, one of which he appeared in the next morning.

In the morning he was awakened rather late, by the proprietor. He had breakfast and sauntered out on the street. The air was crisp and frost had formed on the windows during the night. He set off along the street after the necessary articles with which to fill his pack on the return trip. He purchased first from a gunsmith a new trigger for his rifle, then some blankets, two axe handles and one head, some shells, two pairs of heavy boots and two pairs of moccasins from an Indian squaw together with several other articles still remaining on the list.

After having made the purchases and depositing them safely in his room he again started out on a strictly business trip. He walked briskly along the main street for several hundred paces then turning to his right splashed thru several inches of mud and water for about a block and a half, finally he arrived before a building above the door of which hung a sign reading, "Post Office." The only possible explanation for the location of this post office was that the mail that was so occasionally received in this little railroad town was not enough to justify the government in establishing a more expensive office. As Tim entered he beheld a stout, good natured looking Irishman perched on a high stool humming "My Wild Irish Rose" and beating time with an immense jackknife with which he hacked the edge of his desk. Tim stayed at his business which was concerning Jack.

When Jack had first been taken with the leprosy, Tim had taken the train to Duluth, then a mere trading post, to get permission to remove Jack to Molokai in the Hawaiian group, the refuge of every leper. On inquiry he ascertained that he could not prove clearly that Jack was on the American side of the border, therefore the permit was not granted, but he was told that if he could

find how far he was from the head waters of the Blue River he could undoubtedly prove on which side he was located. So as he returned to his cabin that year he followed the bendings of the Blue River, a much longer path as it flowed in and out between the hills, gradually diminishing into a little trout stream and still farther into a chain of little pools linked together by mere threads of water. Finally as he drew into familiar country he arrived at a little spring which he recognized as a pool several miles north of his cabin where he used to stop to rest while on his numerous hunting trips to the north. Soon he arrived at the cabin with the news.

On his next annual trip to the station he wrote to Duluth telling of his good fortune. He received a letter in return stating that it would be several weeks before the permit would be forthcoming. As he could not wait for that length of time he requested the postmaster to reserve it for him when it arrived and now he was here to claim it after two years of waiting. The permit had arrived, a large official looking document bearing the seal of approval of the United States Government and the signatures of the President and Secretary of Interior. Tim pocketed the envelope and started off lightly for his hotel. His pack was ready for the journey home, but he preferred to await the early morning for his departure so as to gain the benefits of an entire day's travel. The remainder of the day and night was spent in rest and preparation for the journey.

Tim was astir early. On the next morning, Wednesday, before daylight he was hurrying up the main street with his heavy pack on his shoulders and a rifle in his hand. Soon he was on the trail. The sun was just shooting its golden rays thru the pines. The now leafless birches were distinctly outlined by the morning frost. Still a few leaves came sailing down to their winter bed and the light breeze stirred up their already fallen comrades into small masses of whirling, rustling brown whirlpools that settled and rose again with the unsteady breeze. Tim noticed and wondered. No beauty on earth can equal nature's beauty in the wilderness. He peered thru the pines into what seemed an endless expanse of silent forest. He plodded on until the sun had reached its zenith, the breeze had changed to a wind, the wind to a hurricane. The leaves were hurled in masses into his face and the branches dashed rudely against his shoulders. Clouds were gathering fast and the sun was already blurred behind them. Tim was in the grasp of a north country blizzard. Soon the snow fell in clouds. The wind, straightway picked it up and sent it flying and cutting into Tim's face, the snow grew deeper and drifted, the wind grew stronger, even

thru the thick pines it shot, hurling the snow in a blinding mass before Tim's eyes. He plodded on nevertheless, lowering his head into the gale. By evening it was already dark too early. He was wading thru snow which in places reached his knees. There was only one thing to do, he cleared the snow away sufficiently to build a fire for which he cut enough wood to sustain it for the night, then curling himself in his blanket attempted to sleep. He arose several times during the night to replenish the fire, each time shaking several inches of snow from his blankets. The following morning the wind arose with renewed vigor, again the clouds of snow rose and whirled and cut and grew deeper under foot. Tim was off the trail now, just preserving the general direction.

The day Tim left, Jack, having completed his morning tasks, settled down outside the door for a moment's pleasure with his battered pipe. This was a daily occurrence thru the warmer months of the year. Thus uneventfully Jack spent the first four days of Tim's absence. On the fifth day he felt unaccountably weak and unbearable pains shot thru his body; his hands became numb and useless and his sight blurred, his ears increased in size as did his eyes. Then the wind increased in velocity and the snow fell. Jack had not procured his wood that morning, nor any game for his meals, but there remained a small pile of wood by the stove, which he used sparingly. The afternoon slipped by and evening came on. Jack had suffered terribly thru the afternoon and gladly welcomed a chance to snatch some sleep. He slept restlessly, awaking with starts and leaping from his bunk to the door before he realized what he was doing, then he would painfully hobble back and crawl under his blankets. After what seemed centuries the night wore away, and the morning dawned. There was no wood and Jack limped into the adjoining room to get the axe. He went to pick it up but found that the strength had completely left his hands and he could not grasp it. He returned despondently to the cold stove and fast cooling room. He sat down on a little three legged stool and attempted to think, but his brain was dull and he found reasoning impossible. Suddenly he sprang up and dashed out into the storm, he ran to the spring, it was frozen over, he tried to break dead limbs from the trees but he simply dropped them or failed to break them off. Once after a great effort he managed to get a twig firmly fixed in his teeth. He rushed to the cabin but could not remove the lid from the stove, so he dropped his twig and again rushed madly thru the door. He shot off thru the forest unheedful of the gale or the branches brushing his shapeless face. A rabbit leaped from under his feet and he made off after it, but soon lost it in the clouds of snow. He stopped to think what was he doing? Where was he going? He could not think, so he again darted off tripping over fallen trees, dashing into standing ones, crashing thru groups of bushes and leaping streams. So he kept on for several hours with almost miraculous endurance. As quickly as this madness had come over it him it departed. He stopped suddenly and looked around, for the first time feeling the pain and the blood trickling from his face. His brain was clearer and he started to think. Yes! he had started out, chased a rabbit, lost him and rushed on. He must be several miles from the cabin and he was so weak, so helpless, so tired, but he must return. Tim would be there soon, perhaps now, with a warm fire and some food from town and the permit, yes surely the permit. Jack started back over his tracks, not with the vigor or strength or speed he had come out with, just a weak staggering walk supporting himself by the trees and bushes. He plodded on. How could he have run thru this deep snow? he asked himself for now it caused him extreme pain to walk. On and on he trudged, he must have run farther than he at first believed. The pain grew more unbearable at each step and his strength was fast failing. He stumbled and fell several times but regained his footing after almost superhuman efforts. At times he rested on a fallen tree but dared not remain too long. Surely he must be near home now but the forest seemed to unroll before him with no sign of the cabin or familiar object. Again he fell, and this time he could not rise for several minutes, but finally after many painful efforts and failures he was able to resume his journey. Yes! surely that was the cabin over there across that open space! Ah! home at last! but where was the friendly light and the smoke curling from the chimney? Alas, Tim had not arrived. The wind had gone down a little and the clouds were breaking up. Jack staggered across the clearing and fell fainting half way thru the door.

The sun was just rising and its red beams were glancing thru a window in a little cabin in the north woods. They fell on the worn and haggard face of an old man reclining on a little bunk covered with thick comfortable blankets of skins. Further on they glanced against a small stove and finally stretched across another bunk on the opposite side of the room.

The figure on the bunk stirred restlessly "Tim! Tim! help me up. I must see the sun rise. Please don't make me stay here. It's no use, Tim, Tim, its all over, so let me see it for the last time, please, Tim, please."

Tim finally consented and rising slipped his hand under Jack's back and guided his tottering steps to the door. As it swung open the sun beams shot





OFFICERS OF SEASON 1909-1910.

Pres. Asher Taylor.
Vice Pres. Charles Jeronimus.
Sec. Mortimer Bondy.
Treas. Robert Mars.

Sergeant-at-Arms—{Roy Johnson. Will Stevens.
Mascot—Ed. O'Brien.
Faculty Manager—T. F. Phillips.
Football Coach—Mr. Colton.
Basketball Coach—Mr. Wallace.
Track Coach—Mr. Hiestand.

This was a most successful year for the Athletic Association of D. C. H. S. Athletics along all lines were encouraged and received the hearty support of the school. Activities began in the fall with the organizing of the football team. Although we did not win the State Championship, yet the football team closed a very successful season.

This year the Athletic Association organized a High School basketball team and elected Mr. Wallace coach. The showing made by the team goes to show that D. C. H. S. could have a running basketball team.

Soon after basketball season, candidates were out for the track team and Mr. Hiestand was again elected track coach. On account of the long season for practice it is expected that this year's track meet will be a record breaker.

Up to date the Baseball team has met with great success, having defeated both Nelson Dewey and the Superior Normal teams by very decisive scores under the able captaincy of Capt. Eben Spencer. It is a certainty that the season will close with great success in the New Twin Port baseball League. The Senior Class chose a team, with Larry Boyle, Captain, to challenge the Faculty.

The Athletic Association is indebted to members of the faculty for their kind support. Much credit is due to Mr. Buck and Messrs. Phillips, Hiestand, Wallace, Colton and Furni who aided the Association in every way possible.

Plans are on foot for organizing the Athletic Association next year, which if perfected, will make this a more systematic and effective organization. It is hoped that the good record made by the Class of '10 will be kept up next year.





TRACK ATHLETICS.

The season of 1909 showed a continued expansion and growth of interest in track athletics. The greatest benefits of track work come to the man himself who gets out and works, and competes with his fellow-men. The number of men out was larger than ever. Accordingly the work was more beneficial to the school as a whole, and more successful.

The work began with the cross-country runs. Thirty men did consistant work in this interesting sport. There were three runs a week. As a climax there was a 6½ mile run around the boulevard. All the starters finished close together and in good shape, the leaders being Stevens, Berg, Earnest Merritt, and Thorburn.

When the weather had settled somewhat, work began in all events in preparation for the interclass meet. As no running track was available, the running events took place on London Road, and the jumps and weight-throwing events on the school corner and field opposite. The men of 1910 won the meet, repeating their success of the previous year. The records of all the events on London Road, from the 100 yard dash to the mile run were remarkable, being better than any records made in Duluth with one exception. Unfortunately, conditions were not right for official records. The slight descent of London Road, and a slight wind aided the runners, and in addition the watches did not agree. Another point of interest was the remarkable development of two Freshmen,—Allan Johnston as a record-breaking weight-thrower and Arnold Olson as an all around performer. Both men were beginners.

The results achieved by the men sent down to the interscholastic meet held by the University of Minnesota proved conclusively that we will not be able to meet the teams further south on equal terms until Duluth has some sort of running track and a season long enough to give some warm weather. Warm weather is absolutely indispensable for the development of a track team to its very best. However, barring accidents, the showing was good. Johnston, a sure point winner in the weights, injured himself four days before the meet and could do nothing. In the quarter mile run, in an enormous field of entries, Asher Taylor right at the start got into second place on the pole and maintained that position clear around to the home stretch. Here, in coming out into first place he was jostled and tripped, and was out of the running for the rest of the day. In this same race John Quinn came in fourth. Thorburn was fourth in a very fast mile. In the 220 yard dash, Helmer was second in his trial heat and got fourth in the finals. McCrea got a third in his trial heat of the 100 yard dash and made 19 ft. 2 in. in the broad jump. The big prep. schools of the Northwest carried off the meet and the high schools hardly had a look in. Only one twin-city high school scored more than 6 points. The Duluth boys were royally entertained by the university students.

D. W. HIESTAND.



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Record.		**22 4-5 sec.	52 4-5 sec.	**2 min. 5 1-5 sec.	**4 min. 54 sec.	Johnston '12 106 ft. 9 in.	38 ft. 2 in.	*97 ft. 2 in.	8 ft. 2 in.	5 ft. 1 in.	
Fourth.	Johnston '12 10 1-5 sec.	Mooney '11	Miller '12 52 4-5 sec.	Merritt '10 Berg '10 Stevens '10 Goldsmith '09 **2	Thomas '09	9 Johnston '12	Olson '12	Merritt '10	Stevens '10		authentic
Second Third.	McCrea '11 Helmer '10 Feetham '10	Kelley '11	Merritt '10	Stevens '10	0 Glass '09	McFarlane '0'	Nelson '10	Paddock '09	Hutchings '09 Stevens '10	Helmer '10	**Time not authentic.
Second	Helmer '10	Taylor '11	Quinn '09	Berg '10	Thorburn '1	Solheim '11	Helmer '10	Olson '12	Olson '12		·
First.	McCrea '11	Helmer '10	Taylor '11	Merritt '10	Stevens '10	Crawford '09	Johnston '12	Johnston '12	Ely '09	Morterud '11 Waldron '11	*New record.
Events.		220 yard dash				Chrow		Mo	Pole Vault	Running High Jump (Waldron '11	

D. C. H. S. TRACK AND FIELD RECORDS.

Totals: 1910-391/2, 1911-28, 1909-23, 1912-201/2.

100 yd. dash—10 sec. A Starkey, Duluth, '08. 220 yd. dash—23 3-5 sec. R. Smith, Duluth, '05. 440 yd. dash—51 1-5 sec. H. Meining, Duluth, '96. 1/2 mile run—2 min. 10 sec. R. Draper, Minneapolis, '95. 1 mile run—4 min. 57 1-4 sec. H. Haroldson, Minneapolis, '95.	220 yd. hurdles—10 sec. A. Mallet, Duluth, '01. 220 yd. hurdles—27¼ sec. W. Millar, Duluth, '04. 12 lb. shot put—40 ft. 11½ in. A. Richardson, Duluth, '96. 12 lb. hammer throw—112 ft. A. T. Parls, Duluth. Pole vault—9 ft. 5 in. J. Jefferson, Duluth, '05. Running Broad Jump—20 ft. 3 in. F. Ryan, Duluth, '07. Running High Jump—5 ft. 3 in. A Mallet, Duluth, '01. Discuss Throw—97 ft. 2 in. A. Johnston, Duluth, '09.
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MUSICALSOCIETY

The Musical Society which for the past eighteen years has been a decided success under the direction of Mr. A. F. M. Custance, has not fallen below the mark, this year. It does not claim to be a Conservatory of Music but merely develops the practical side of music. This organization is purely voluntary, open to all members of the High School.

A chance for soloists is given by the Annual Concert, which this year took place on February 4th, and proved to be successful. A silver collection, which amounted to \$90 was taken up; the proceeds of which were given towards the Charles Alden Smith Memorial Fund. The proof that the public approves of this society is shown by the large attendance at its concerts.

There is a plan on foot to start a fund this year with which to purchase a new piano for the music-room to replace the one which is becoming decidedly hors de combat.

The choir, besides making our chapel exercises more beautiful, has taken part in several outside affairs, especially for the Shrine entertainments and Masonic Sunday Concerts. It is also a feeder for the other musical organizations in the city.

The officers this year are:

President, Mr. A. F. M. Custance. Vice-President, Chelsie Final. Secretary, Marie Craig. Treasurer, Raymond Hancock.



The first meeting of the year was held in October when the following officers were elected:—

President, Fraulein Dengler. Vice-President, Frieda Johnson. Secretary, Bessie Boerner. Treasurer, Lloyd Green.

The president appointed Miss Alma Strand as chairman of a committee to arrange for a fudge party which was held a week later. All reported an enjoyable time.

The Bund observed Christmas in an appropriate manner. The program consisted of recitations, narration of stories and songs, and a lighted Tannenbaum added to the festivity of the occasion. Even Prince Ruprecht did not forget to look in on the company.

During the year a German play was presented; the members of the cast— Louise Coe, Bessie Quimby, Stanley Lamb, and Harry Weston deserve great credit for its success.

The society has done good work and made great progress during the year. May the Schiller Bund always remain an important organization of the school.





DEBATING

R-W-B-10.

High School Debating Team.





Officers of Club.

1st Term.	2nd Term.	3rd Term
Pres. Harry Zlatkovsky	Roger Lerch	Lloyd Green
Vice Pres. Rupert O'Brien	Gilbert Bates	Gilbert Bates
Sec. Roger Lerch	Lloyd Green	Alfred Ott
Treas. Stanley Lamb	Rolf Hovde	Rolf Hovde
Sergeant-at-Arms, Joe Abrams	Jesse Cohen	George Syreen

Coach-Robert D. Brackett

Members of Club.

Joe Abrams	Charles Evans	Ben Nelson
Herbert Anderson	Lloyd Green	Rupert O'Brien
Gilbert Bates	Allan Greenfield	Alfred Ott
Arnold Berg	Clarence Gilbert	Alvern Stolz
Mortimer Bondy	Rolf Hovde	George Syreen
Ralph Borgen	Clarence Johnson	Morris Thomas
Charles Bray	Fred Keller	Elbert Vaughn
Clayton Burnside	Stanley Lamb	Fred Weinberg
Ellis Butchart	Leonard Lawrence	Walter Wilander
Jesse Cohen	Ludwig Melander	Walter Zimmerman
Nathan Cohen	George Merritt	Harry Zlatkovsky
Norman Cook	Ivan Northfield	



The Public Speaking Club of D. C. H. S. met the first Monday after school started and began its activities for the year 1909-10. The "Forum" was the name chosen for the Club on the suggestion of Mr. Baker last year. Several debates were held between members of the Club and topics of the day were discussed. This year D. C. H. S. joined the Minnesota High School Debating League and the Preliminary Debate for the purpose of choosing the High School Team, was held on Nov. 19th, 1909. Twelve contestants entered the tryout and from these, six were chosen as the first and second teams. Those chosen were Charles Evans, Harry Zlatkovsky and Rupert O'Brien, and as alternates, Lloyd Green, Roger Lerch and Alfred Ott. The question for debate was, Resolved: That Minnesota should adopt the Initiative and Referendum. The Judges were Mr. Colton, Mr. Lathers and Mr. Kenny.

The first debate of the year was held with the Irving High School of West Duluth on Jan. 21st. The affirmative was supported by Centrals and the debaters from the West End upheld the negative. The Judges were Mr. L. A. Barnes, Mr. Nygren and Mr. Getchel. The decision of the Judges was two for the affirmative and one for the negative. In the afternoon the girls of the Domestic Science Class gave a banquet to the boys from the Central High School. This was a very enjoyable affair and made the boys think seriously of taking up the Woman Suffrage question for debate.

One week later the first league debate was held at Cambridge between the teams of D. C. H. S. and the Cambridge High School. This was a very warm contest and although the opposing team was composed entirely of girls, our boys showed that they thoroughly understood the question and had worked hard to win. Cambridge upheld the negative of the question while our boys supported the affirmative. The decision of the Judges was two to one for the negative. The Judges who were all University men, were Asst. Prof. Valgren, Dept. of Economics and two Sophomores.

As a result of this debate we lost our chance to win the district championship but this did not stop our debating work.

As a digression from the routine of debating, the club held a Mock Trial in the Assembly Hall which, through the kind support of members of the faculty and some of the students was a great success. Soon after this the Club gave a banquet in the Lunch Room which was a grand success. Toasts were given by Mr. Buck, Mr. Sprague and Mr. Phillips all of which were greatly enjoyed. Mr. Buck read several of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's poems in the negro dialect. As a result of this banquet a new enthusiasm was aroused in the Club which started everyone boosting.

On Friday, Feb. 25th, the debate with Cloquet took place. This debate was perhaps the greatest success of the season both financially and in the decision. The Cloquet team composed of Miss Rill Morgan, Miss Alice Hornby and Miss Florence Blair upheld the negative while the Duluth boys argued for the affirmative. The Cloquet girls displayed very well that girls were as capable to debate as boys and the large crowd that came to hear the girls debate were well rewarded. The Judges were Mr. Thwing of Grand Rapids, Mr. Lampson of Hinckley and Mr. Dodge of Moose Lake. The decision of the Judges was two to one for the affirmative. After the debate a banquet was tendered to the visiting team and Judges, at Mrs. Webster's Cafe. Toasts were given by Mr. Thwing, Mr. Lampson, Mr. Brackett, Mr. Oleson and members of the Debating Teams. As a result of this debate nearly \$50 was cleared with which the work of the Club was carried on.

This year has been the most successful year the Club has yet seen. Over thirty members joined at the beginning of the year and everybody took great interest in the work and boosted for the welfare of the Club. Our success was

due mainly to the very efficient work of our new coach Mr. Brackett. He took hold of the work from the beginning and through his efficient efforts the debating work was built up. He spent much time in drilling the team and as a result, one of the best teams the school has ever had, was turned out. On the whole this was a very prosperous and successful year and it is hoped the good work will be continued next year.

LLOYD W. GREEN, '10.









THE NEW ZENITH HOTEL

LLOYD BURG, Proprietor

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.

2000 Rooms, Every One An Outside One.

AERIAL AEROPLANE GARAGE

Two Stories Above Roof Garden.

MOST UP-TO DATE CAFÉS

in the Northwest, under the Capable Management of Mr. Arnold Fitger.

THE FINEST MANICURING PARLORS

in America, under Direction of Mlle. Williamson.

We Cater Especially to the Requirements of Theatrical Galaxies and Other Cultured Artists.

25th Street North and Lake Ave.

THE LIVE TWIN PORTS CITY





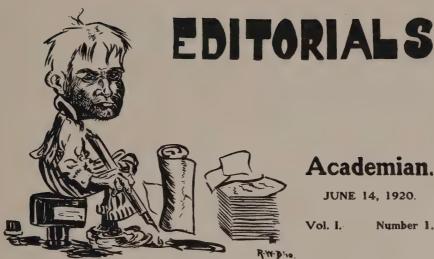
Mr. Sprague:---

I haven't got the nerve to give that to Mr. Buck. He would fire me out of school. He said the next time I came in he would.

Yours as you know me,

ART HUTCHINGS.





Academian.

JUNE 14, 1920.

Number 1.

The decennial meeting of the Zenith Academy of Immortals took place on the evening of June 10, 1920, at the banquet hall of the Hotel Zenith. Worthy of note is it that notwithstanding fire, flood, famine, comets, social upheaval and political revolution, no faces were absent. The Reminiscent Hour afforded so much that, that a remembrance of our first meeting was desired. quently action was taken to put forth a memorial, viz., this magazine.

So this appearance is in celebration of our reunion. Much material was afforded us to produce an artistic magazine. Every effort has been made to revive the spirit of the Old Central High during the regime of 1910. Old manuscripts have been gathered; the memories of reverend gentlemen and ladies. formerly instructors in the old halls, have been consulted and certain rare and unique photographs have been secured at the greatest expense to us. In short nothing has been left undone to recall that happiest time to all members.

In addition, various current news items have been inserted, items of interest to the Academians. Advertising space was offered to the members of 1910, but in spite of this privilege we regret that many of our Fellow-Immortals were unable to get in this means of publicity.

So it is, we trust, a recaller of old times not necessarily as you see them but as you ought to.

THE EDITORS.



THIRD PRIZE STORY.

There was once a puppy whose name was Bennet. He was a bull puppy and he had a pedigree so long that he couldn't hold it up straight, and he killed the neighbors' little chickens and drank their blood, and had a broken ear which gave his face a bully-boy-with-the-paper-pipe look, and his mistress who was a maiden lady and who wore false teeth and powdered the wart on her nose, just loved him and fed him chocolate creams and soda-water and made him wear pants in the winter-time, and he would look up at her and say with his soft brown eyes, "I know that I am the nicest puppy ever and you love me," till she would cry. They were very happy together.

But one sad, sad, dreary, dreary day a man came to Bennet's house with pots and kettles to trade for old clothes. Bennet's mistress stared him away and shut the door but Bennet got out and began to play with his favorite head. The bad clothes-man picked him up and put him in his big, dirty sack with the kettles and old clothes. Bennet didn't really care so very much except that he couldn't get his breath handily and then he felt hurt and unpleasant because the man hadn't picked his chicken-head up too. After a while, though, he went to sleep and dreamt about soda-water and sweet face-powder and old-clothes man with nice chicken-heads which he chewed off.

Then he fell down out of something and woke up. Everything was blacker and stuffier than ever; so much so that Bennet decided to run away from the sack and see what kind of a place he was about, anyhow. He crawled out of his bag and through the gloom of an old loft saw the clothesand-kettle man disappearing down a flight of shackelty stairs. He was a smart little puppy and was very careful not to make a noise as he followed the man down. Bennet watched him enter a room in which some other clothesand-kettle-looking men were singing and drinking brown soda-water out of brown bottles, and then trotted by, out into a crowded street.

All of this exciting adventure had really worked him up till he couldn't think straightly, so he sat down to deliberate. While he was reviewing the morning's happenings and incidentally becoming interested in a spat across the street between a bull-terrier and a ragged cur, a small boy stopped to scrutinize him between puffs on a white paper roll in his mouth.

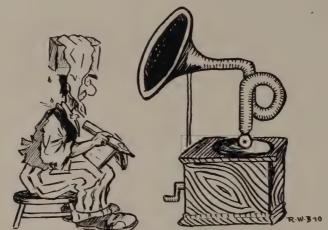
The small boy picked Bennet up, much to that individual's wonder, and carried him along for an almost interminable distance. Finally, however, they stopped at a row of ugly houses along the river, right by a most enormous structure which spanned the stream at one grab. There Bennet was once more left to his own devices—this time, though, being secured by a dirty string, to a post by the water's edge. The small boy annexed himself to a crowd of similar small boys in the middle distance and Bennet decided to take a nap.

When he woke up the sun was on the other side of the river and there was a scurrying crowd of people travelling over the bridge. Bennet watched the crowd a while and then set to work liberating himself. His sharp little teeth soon finished that job and once more he was free.

The sun was only a big red ball glowing through a hundred streams of smoke, now, and at times the crowd thinned on the bridge. At one of these times, Bennet was startled by a hurried cry from a knot of people at the center of the span. Then he saw a head bobbing up and down in the current. He jumped in and paddled his fat little legs vigorously through the water—he had learned how to swim from a water spaniel crony of his—till he reached the head. He seized the screaming, waving body by the collar and held on, only to be dragged beneath the murky, mucky water. But a police-boat slid up and soon a pair of husky arms pulled the slippery drippy pair out of the depths and Bennet, looking up, found himself in the clutch of his dripping, slobbery, soaked, but thankful and withal happy maiden lady, with the powder all washed off the wart on her nose.

Robert Buck, '10.





MONOLOG OF THE

LEOLA

(Overheard by Special Correspondent of the Academian.)

June 11, Special to the Academian.

At 6 A. M. this morning your correspondent recovered from the effects of the Reunion of the Academy of Immortals enough to sit up and take notice and discovered that he had carried off an Oleola record made during the banquet-hour or thereafter. How, when or why he carried it away with him only 'The Consumers League'' can adequately explain. Immediately placing the record on the machine, your reporter heard the following:

"Oleola Record, made by the Asher Taylor Talking Machine Company,

East End and La-akside. Brrrrr."

"What's the joke about dogma, Cliff, you don't care if I hear do you?"

"Tell her—let her get stung."

"Now Lloyd Burg, you can't scare me a bit—I know its only like some of the bum jokes in the 1910 Zenith that you wouldn't let me see."

"Same old Connie, isn't she Beulah?"

"Oh, boys won't you tell her? Haven't we had a skinybimflimshish time I havent had so much fun since I collected quarters for the Senior Farewell back in '10."

"You must have been able to have had a blowout on little or nothing do

you remember you got 75 cents out of 208.'

"Oh, yes, that's so, Lucy paid one quarter and you, Connie, paid the other."

"Well, the whole class was here tonight anyway."

"Wasn't it great the way everybody voted to publish the "Academian?"

"Well, I hope they like it, don't you, Cliff?"

"What else could they do after Bob's great closing speech?"

"He always was loyal and full of class spirit and he's just the same now."

"I hope the Academian will be as good as the 1910 Zenith."

"Don't you worry, we've more material to work with now than we had then."

"That's more than Larry has on the top of his head, eh, Cliff.

you notice how bald the Deacon's getting?"

"It's lucky he had more the night Mr. Sprague chaperoned that sleighride to Spirit Lake-you remember Larry lost his cap on the Marathon from West Duluth to Aerial Bridge."

"Wasn't that a warm old time, tho? I didn't get in before 6 P. X. and friend Quinn broke two machines getting his dame home. He nearly walked

me to death, he was so sore.'

"Beulah, that doesn't beat the time when you and Jack broke the fence

at Krieger's when Mr. Sprague initiated a chaperone.'

"Well, maybe but the supergobslopshis occasion was when Lloyd and I watched for Halley's Comet's Tail from a watery point of view for a description for the next day's Senior English."

"I wasn't able to go walking for two months and was nearly sent to the

farm to rusticate for the rest of the year."

"That would have been tragic, wouldn't it, Beulah? How would the great Zenith of 1910 ever have come out or the greatly stung audience have found their seats for Class Night or Commencement, if Lloyd's father had sent him to the farm?'

"That Class Night sure was original, classical and meritorious.

we cheer the Priest of Isis?"

"Do you remember when Mr. Sprague sent Art Hutchings to Mr. Buck with the lemon and how he came back with that note?"

"Sure, almost as much excitement reigned then as when Ernest Merritt recited the whole lesson on Shelley.'

"Or when Rupert O'Brien was called up u pto a front seat."

"Or when Mary Emily was sent out of English IV."

"Or when Cliff and Connie tried to waltz on the third floor to grade-school music."

"Or when Ernest Merritt extended wholesale invitations to join the Forum."

"Isn't it wonderful how the old buzz 'As the twig is bent so the tree is inclined' hit the right tune for the calcium lights of the Forum?"

"What was the joke about 'dogma'? Won't you boys please tell me? Tell Beulah if you won't tell—Brrrrrr!!!"

As the foregoing recital seemed to involve four lively Immortals and to concern many others, your correspondent wishes to report the record as he heard it on his own Oleola.



PAGULTY GAUGET EUMMING

Mr. Buck-You'll Be Sorry Just Too Late.

Mr. Meyers-Down on the Farm.

Mr. Gibson-Have a Little Pity, I'm a Poor Married Man.

Mr. Wheeler-Some Day When My Dreams Come True.

Mr. Phillips-It's Awful Lonesome To-night-Girls! Girls! Girls! *

Mr. Sprague-When I Get Back Again to Bonnie Scotland.

Mr. Custance—Work For the Night is Coming.

Mr. Wallace-Out in the Woolly West.

Mr. Hiestand-I Can't Reach That Top Note.

Mr. Romieux—Blow the Smoke Away.

Mr. Ging-I Can't Do That Sum.

Mr. Brackett-Take Me Back to Blue Island.

Mr. Geiger-I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now.

Mr. Avery-Please Don't Keep Me Waiting.

Mr. Goldsmith-Love Is Like a Cigarette.

*In this case there was difficulty in determining which was the real favorite of the man of science for sometimes one tune seemed recognizable to the committee, sometimes the other. Certain members insisted that the rest of the committee was deaf and that his favorite was, "I've Waited, Honey, Waited Long For You."



PAGULTY GAUGET BUMMING

Miss Smith-Love Me All the Time.

Miss Carson—I Want Someone to Call Me Deary.

Miss Burling-I Used to Believe in Fairies.

Miss Compton-I'm In Love With One of the Stars.

Miss Currie—If I Could Teach My Teddy Bear to Dance.

Miss Carey—Let's Go Back to Baby Days.

Miss Shields-It's the Little Things that Count.

Miss Hughes—Happy Land of Once Upon a Time.

Miss Goodhue—If You Must Love Some One, Won't You Please Love Me?

Miss Wright—I Ain't Had No Lovin' in a Long, Long Time.

Miss Dengler-My Rosie Rambler.

Miss Salter—Love Is All That Matters.

Miss Case—Some Day When Dreams Come True.

Miss Woodbridge-Honey Bunch.

Miss Patterson—I Want Somebody to Play With.

Miss Taylor—I'm a Woman of Importance.

Miss Mac Ewen—I Can't Be True So Far Away.

Miss Ellison-I'm Old Enough to Think.



My friend, Sir Roger de Coverly, told me one day at the Y. M. C. A., where we resided during our stay in Duluth, that he had a great mind to cross the body of water which lay at the foot of the city and visit the town which according to rumor, lay across the bay.

Accordingly we journeyed thither and, after some search, found the place for which we were looking. It was an odd, antique little settlement, which Fate had ironically named Superior. We wandered around for a time, examining with interest the ancient weather-beaten buildings, contrasting strangely with the magnificent structures of the city we were visiting. We met no one,—and had concluded that the whole village was deserted, when suddenly a loud shouting arrested our attention. Hastening forward, we saw a great number of young people gathered around the edge of a large meadow, watching with apparently great interest a street fight between a number of strangely attired men. We were amazed that so large a number could live in so insignificant a hamlet, but had no time to deliberate, for a cry arose from one side of the field from a small number who waved purple ribbons. By listening carefully we made out the words, "Go it, Blaine," but since there was no answer, we could not decide who Blaine was.

On the side of the field where we stood was a crowd of perhaps three times the number of the other, who shouted incessantly, "Come on Duluth! Come on!" Sir Roger and I decided that Duluth must be the name of a certain short young fellow, who had probably been so named by his parents in the hope that he would grow.

While we watched, a husky young fighter jumped out of the fighting mass, and clutching a leather ball closely, ran toward one end of the field. The others pursued him, and some were about to overtake him, when he noticed a couple of posts which happened to be standing near by. He tried to hide behind these, placing the ball on the ground. The crowd screamed and shouted, probably scorning so foolish and cowardly a plan, but the ruse seemed to have been successful, for the pursuers stopped as if bewildered. After an instant the man stepped from his hiding place. Another fighter came toward him, and with a kick sent the ball, which was not so heavy as it looked, over a pole which was placed crosswise between the two posts.

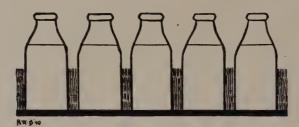
The crowd shouted louder than ever, and screamed at the tops of their voices, "Boyle! Boyle! We did not understand the purport of these words, but surmised that it was a form of torture which the spectators wished practiced upon the rude fellow who had kicked the ball.

By this time all the fighters were gathered in the middle of the field and suddenly they began to fight again. In disgust we left the spot, wondering where the authorities were who should have put a stop to the brawling. We returned to Duluth quite content with the thot that we should never see this misnamed place again.

Louise Coe, '10.



THE MILK-BOTTLE CLUB-



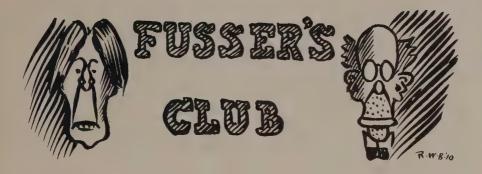


Chief Goo Goo Trainer Heistand
Tootsie Baby "Cupid" Freimuth
Precious One Helen Swan
Official Tester "Doc" Gingold
Delivery Man Morry Harris

CONSUMERS' LEAGUE.

Student Manager Le Duc.





O. O. U. F.

(Original Order of United Fussers.)

The Main Squeeze
Fusser Extraordinary Lucius Muller
Lord High Cut-Up
Lord High Keeper of the Books Russell Mather
Grand Vizier (Janitor)
Would be Constant But Can't
Keeper of Broken Hearts



WHO'S WHO.







REMORSE.

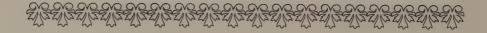
I came to High School as I was
Like others I was not.
While others lessons learning were
My own I never got.

The bit I learned I have observed
But now it seems to me
When I expect to finish
That I am all at sea.

Book knowledge have I none, And less of any other, But going thru it all again To learn would be no better.

To children who would follow suit
I would advise them "Never!
Learn each lesson thoroughly
And continue so forever."

Alastair Guthrie, '10.



A High School Mystery.

Mr. D. C. Sprague and Mr. Geo. Buck are holding a council of war in one of the rooms of the D. C. H. S. shortly after school.

Mr. Sprague has assumed the disguise of Sherlock Holmes, while Mr. Buck is to all appearances Dr. Watson.

"Now this Custance business makes me weary; say,—if he wants to start something why doesn't he begin a frat?" questions Dr. Watson disgustedly. "In stead, here he goes and loses a part of speech, not sure, how, where or why he did lose it, but insists on giving the case into our hands, and have us make sure that none of the denizens of this building has it. Why doesn't he get a copyright or a patent?"

"If it is here, we must not sleep or eat before 'tis found, and let us remember, from our dear friend Shakespook—that

"Come what, come may Time and the hour runs thru the roughest day!"

counsels Sherlock, hinting at deep mystery. Also

"Our fears in Geiger stick deep."

"Oh! yes! but we have our most clever assistant on the trail. Brackett can't help but make good, look what he has done as a 'debating coach,' you leave it to his inventive genius. I'll bet he's as good as a cross between Tom Edison and one of Geo. Barr Mac Cheuchm's heroes," says the now cheerful Dr. Watson.

"Latest reports from him were that he heard Mr. Geiger using strange and awful words when he banged his thumb in the Manual Training Room," exclaims Sherlock, "he thinks it probable he has discovered the offender."

"How could he have found the missing—er—articles—way down there if they were lost in Mr. Custance's room?" asks Dr. Watson.

"The ventilating system," cries Holmes as the idea hits him squarely in the center.

"Turn over, you're on your back," voice from doorway—"Hey?" The disguised Profs. smooth down the up-ending hairs and wheel in their chairs with an accuracy as if drilled. "Oh! Wheeler, oh-h-h, I beg your pardon?"

"Nix, I beg your pardon, gentlemen," says Professor F. Z. Wheeler. "I that something slipped, did you say ventilating system? You mean the air-shaft, surely."

"Quite right, quite right," says Mr. Buck, "but you want to remember that I'm still new here."

"It's all right anyway, gentlemen," says Mr. Sherlock Sprague, "I think we were discussing the—vent—er—I mean air-shaft. So you suggest the air-shaft? I fear I must overthrow that theory. In the first place this missing part of language would be too big and have too many twists in it to be able to go down such a small opening (an admiring glance from Wheeler) and secondly—it would be too sharp, the one-fourth inch steel could not stand a strain like that."

"Hot air rises," announces Prof. Wheeler after mature deliberation.

"After all it is the air shaft," clinging to his pet idea being one of Mr. Buck's principles.

"Er—I fear I must overthrow that explanation," cries Mr. Sprague delightedly. "Now, why would any respectable bunch of hot air want to go up there to Gibson or to Phillips? Don't try to make a farce out of this—why, you can't imagine Gibson as saying anything but—'Naow, by gosh' or 'By pumpkins.' And as for Mr. Phillips—any speech-maker, as he is, could skin any of Custance's by a mile, he can make 'em up as he goes along—sort of poetic license, I suppose. But after all you come back to the same old knot, if it was too sharp for the air-shaft going down, why not going up too?" Don't those that go up cut as much ice, if not more, as those that go down?"

"Exactly, exactly-!!" Chorus-

"We must see Brackett," decides Sherlock Sprague—'how can we find him, if he is disguised as a 'debating coach' or 'Nick Carter'?"

"Well—here I am," announces Mr. Sleuth Brackett himself from the doorway in company with Mr. Geiger who is expostulating violently.

"OLYMPIC CONTEST TWIXT MILK BOTTLE CLUB AND FUSS-ERS' CLUB."

Milk Bottle Club Victorious Due to Splendid Marksmanship of "Consumers" League."

Last evening Mgr. Hubbard gave over the amusement room of the Y. M. C. A. to the Tiddleywinks contest between the Fussers' Club and the Milk Bottle Club.

The contest was a close one, victory now inclining to one side and now to the other. The Lord High Cutup and the Keeper of the Broken Hearts played a star game for the Fussers' Club, while the star performance of the "Consumers' League" of the Milk Bottle Club was easily the most brilliant work of the evening. His most remarkable shot was at a distance of five feet, when boldly seizing the snapper he sent the counter spinning to the punch bowl in the center of the room, mid cries of "Rah for Milk" and groans from the Fussers.

Altho this tested on the the "Consumwas profeshad long pracvery shot with corks Mr. that the shot since none of been prohibit-

TO-NIGHT! Zenith Theatre Annex.

Prof. W. B. MATTER
SOCIALISM.

A RED-HOT MEETING. ALL COME.

shot was progrounds that ers' League'' sional having tice for this c h a m p a gne Hubbard held must stand the others had ed from prac-

ticing the same shot and in addition, he added that Mr. Le Duc should be congratulated on his foresight, whereupon the Consumers' League invited Hubbard to his training quarters.

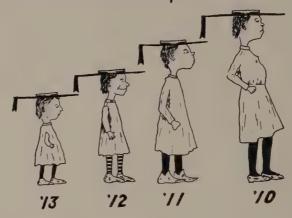
We hope Mr. Hubbard will recover in time for his meet with Knot Inspector Berry.

Great excitement prevails in the Sporting World. It is understood that H. Burgess has challenged H. Zlatkovsky, Ott O'Brien and Evans, one at a time or altogether to a "Battle Royal." This remarkable case is said to have at the bottom of it the cause of human misery, viz. woman.

We understand that the Str. Gopher is full of knot holes due to the superb markmanship of Lieut. F. Bordeleau, K. M.

Extra: Inspector Berry reports a busy day.

Mr. Bucks Step-Children.



The Editorial Staff of the Academian wishes to offer its congratulations to Mr. Buck on the beauty, amiability and intelligence radiating from the countenances of his step-children, the latest acquisition to his family.

* * * * *

Duluth, Mar. 23, 1920.

Rev. Deacon Boyle of the Y. W. C. A. Evangelistic Society has tendered his resignation to the Executive Board. He says he cannot wear his hat in the pulpit and he can't preach baldheaded without catching cold. We would recommend that he get an elder (ly) matron and settle down.

* * * * *

Mr. Earle Hubbard has challenged Knot Inspector Berry to a six million point pool match.

We hope the game will be of sufficient life to satisfy even such ardent lovers of the game as the above near-exponents of the game.









HALLEY'S COMET.

(Acknowledgments to George Ade.)

Last Night at about Three o'clock in the Morning I got Up to See the Comet. I do not Remember Distinctly whether I saw It or not, but I know that I have a Cold in my Head from which I believe I shall Die. But if I die before Friday I will not have to Write a Senior Essay, which will be Some Comfort. When I got Up I leaned out of my Back Window and looked over All of the Heavens in sight very Carefully but I did not see Anything which had Anywhere near enough Tail to Wag or even any Whiskers. I then leaned out of all the Windows which I could find but Still I did not find the Comet. Then I came Back and looked out of the Original Window, and I believe I Distinctly Observed a very Florid looking Star coming up over the Horizon. I fetched my Spyglass and, lying Down on the Floor in order to conduct my Observations more carefully, attempted to hold my telescope to my Eye and lean on my Elbow at the Same Time, I only Succeeded in inserting the Eye-piece in my Mouth, thus Not securing a Very Good view of the Star.

I looked at it for a Long Time, but it did not Do anything, and my Feet, which are not Very well Protected when I wear my old pair of Pajamas, which I had On Last night, began to get Cold so I decided to go Back to Bed again. When I had Done this and was Composing Myself for Slumber again, a He-cat began Singing an Anthem beneath my Window. I know it was a He-cat, because no Female cat could Possibly own such Very strong Lungs, I know It was an Anthem because he Repeated so Many Phrases.

Finally he Finished, and Departed, but I did not offer him Anything for his Efforts. If I Had, I think Probably it would have been one of my Old Shoes, which are too Nearly worn Out to Wear regularly. But I got to Sleep at Last and did not Wake Up till Late and That is why I have not been able to write a better Theme for my English Class.



Ten Years Ago.

Wasn't it strange ten years ago when we saw-

Russell Mather—not in the Library.

Francis Dickerson-not talking.

Lloyd Burg-in a bathing suit.

Miss Hughes—with a smile.

Clifford Thorburn-in kilts.

Fae Helbing-without a rat.

Miss Shields—at the Bijou.

Lois Fee-in a last year's dress.

Archie McDermid-skipping school.

Willard Matter-grow.

Mary Emily—dancing.

Tom Harrison-with another girl.

Rupert O'Brien-in a hammock just large enough for two.

Lloyd Green-without his Trig.

Beulah Magner-without a friend.

Ernest Merritt-with an English lesson.

Ruth Hobbs-without a man.

Ruth Catherall—with the blues.

Lucy Nightingale—without a date.

Alastair Guthrie-not fussing.

Harold Burgess—in a grand opera.

Margaret Elder-asleep.

Ruth Willcuts-in a scrap with Mr. Romieux.

Mr. Sprague—in love.

Mr. Custance—using hair tonic.

Earl Hubbard-with a hair cut.

Ruth Ericson—without a giggle.

Jean Cochrane-with a Latin pony.

John Scanlon-without his civics.

Charles Kelly-with his Trig.

Marjory Harrison-with her French.

Constance Mitchell—alone in the hall.

A Senior-without its Virgil.

BOOK NOTICES.

June 14, 1920.

Publishers of the Academian announce the appearance of the Author's Autograph Edition of "THE FASCINATIONS OF BIRDCRAFT." Printed in tints on Japanese Hand-made paper. The edition limited to 500 copies, personally signed by Dr. Harrison. Sold by subscription only.

This is your opportunity to get the authentic and authoritative exposition of Ornithology. Beware of pirated editions and plagiarisms such as Dr. Hurdon's "THE FASCINATING OF A BIRD-LOVER," plainly the work of a nature-faker.

THE EDNA GORTON ACTRESS'S EDITION of Russell Mather's Dramatic masterpiece "THE HAND THAT STIRS THE CANDY IS THE HAND THAT TIES THE BEAUX" is another event of interest to the book-lover. Bound in chocolate and maple silk, tied with dainty ribbons. it will make not only an attractive and appropriate birthday gift, but will prove a useful manual for prospective home-tiers of the Academy. By special arrangement with the Burgess Bureau we are able to present each male purchaser with a raffle ticket on a certain very, very pretty blonde widow and each lady purchaser with free registration in the Burgess Matrimonial Bureau.

Mr. Arthur McMillan, editor of Peck's Sunshine, has earned the ever-lasting gratitude of lovers past, present and future by the loving care he has lavished on his latest contribution to the welfare of society, viz., "THE ART AND ETIQUETTE OF MAKING LOVE." Special chapters have been written for the benefit of various classes of people as "How To Cure Bashfulness" for the Fusser's Club; "How To Commence a Courtship" for Deacons; "How To Coo" for Cholly West; "How To Please A Sweetheart Or Lover" for old maids; "How To Write A Love Letter" for the Army and Navy; "How To Pop The Question", for the use of the Law and Medicine; "How to Break Off An Engagement", for the Theatrical Profession; published in parts convenient for the vest-pocket or hand-bag. All for the price of a pound of Mitchell's candy, 15 cents.

WANT ADS.

- Wanted:—A score that Hiestand's Grand Opera Company can't sing. We wish to present it to them.— Editors.
- Wanted:—A Knot Inspector. Must not be a man not rational enough not to note knot holes where they ought not to be. Pool players need not apply. Apply to the Steamship "Gopher."
- Wanted:—A painter. Apply to Mlle. Tena Slonim, care of Helmer's Vaudeville Galaxy.
- Wanted—Young refined lady wants a partner for cafe business either in or out of town. Has lots of taffy and good fixtures. Address—Miss Mitchell's Taffy and Tea Parlors.
- Barber wanted:—Steady work for good sober man. Apply to Kinodrome Mgr. Helmer's Vaudeville Galaxy.
- Wanted:—A multi-print camera-plate for cross-country photos. At once! Address—T. F. Phillips & R. D. Brackett.
- Wanted:—On a salary, a clever criminal lawyer. Wm. Stevens.
- Wanted:—A position of any sort, (see business card). John Scanlon.

- Wanted:—A Clog-dancing partner (co-ed preferred), need not be artistic, for Alastair Guthrie. Address Senorita Gonska, Helmer's Vaudeville Galaxy.
 - Wanted:—More Rex chocolates. Ruth Hobbs.
 - Wanted:—A fellow to bust a bronco for the Cook. Apply to Chic, "The Redstone Terror."
 - Wanted:—A clock that will register 36 hours a day for use in the Y. M. C. A. pool room. Earle Hubbard, Mgr.
 - Wanted:—More crackers in the lunch room. Class of 1923.
 - Wanted:—Stronger milk. Consumer's League, Milk Bottle Club.
 - Wanted:-Ice for the Hockey Team.
- Wanted:—An Elder-ly matron at Y. W. C. A. Larry Boyle.
- Wanted:—Agents to sell my "How to Cage Golden Voiced Song Birds." Liberal terms. Thomas Harrison, Curator of Smithsonion Institution.
- Wanted:—A helping hand, Green's Farm, Lake Ave. & Carlton.

ARE YOU LONESOME?

At the present time we have on hand a goodly supply of young (?) and beautiful (?) damsels.

PRICES:--Rich Merry Widows \$50.00

We will pay the services of the pastor and buy a gold-filled ring for all who will take the poor and homely ones off our hands.

BURGESS MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,

Zenith Theatre Bldg.

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE???

It's our business to help you if you are. Could not you be made more happy? Come to us and see our easy payment plan. It is our business and chief ambition to rectify all needless mistakes of idealistic homemakers and bliss-finders. We are advertised by our many grateful sufferers to whom we have brot relief and freedom from matrimonial bureaus. Situated opposite the Burgess Matrimonial Bureau.

Evans, Ott, Zlatkovski & O'Brien,
Attorneys at Law. Michigan 18 18 28 2 Zenith Theatre Bldg.

F. Z. Wheeler School of Applied Science

F. Z. WHEELER, Pres. (1986) ROLLIN KAISER, Dancing. BESSIE BOERNER, Chemistry. JOSEPH WESTBERG, Dramatics.

Ten years of educational experience at the Head of the Lakes. Practical courses, fitting pupils for positions on Bijou or Orpheum circuit. Two of our graduates are to be the leading artistic steppers with Helmer's Galaxy.

Courses in Bug, Clog, Fire and other Dancing under the able direction of M. Rollin Kaiser.

Courses in music on Victrola, Grafonola, Pianola and the Oleola under direction of Mlle. Clark.

Our courses in chemistry fit for Taffy Parlors and Chop Suey Joints. Our course in Dramatics is too well known to need advertisement.

GRAND OPENING.

make our new sartorial parlors their headquarters during the tenth Annual Meeting of the Academy of Immortals.

DIRECTORY OF STORE.

Roof Carden-Umbrellas, Parasols, Mile. Mitchell's Mile. Taffy and Tea Rooms.

5th Floor-Hats, Bonnets, Veils, Puffs, Braids, Hair Goods, Cosmetics.

4th Floor-Neckwear, Jeweled Novelties.

3rd Floor-Waists, Corsets.

2nd Floor-Suits, Gowns, Gloves, Cloaks.

1st Floor-Skirts, Etc.

Basement-Shoes, Hosiery.

REFRESHMENTS served in Mile. Mitchell's Taffy and Tea Rooms and Selections rendered by Abelson's Orchestra.

ALLÈNE & WOHLINÉ,

MODISTES & MILLINERS.
"EVERYTHING FOR THE LADY."







THE SENIOR PLAY.

On the evening of April the fifth, there was held in the historical old assembly hall of the Duluth Central High School, the annual Senior Play which was given in this instance under the auspices of the class of nineteen ten.

The character of the play differed from those generally presented by amateur Thespians inasmuch as it was not a farcical comedy, but assumed the much more difficult and dignified air of the three act drama "Esmeralda", which had for its diversified settings a rude mountain cabin in South Carolina and an American artist's studio in the "Bohemian" atmosphere of "Gay Paree", and, for its plot the typical hindrances which are always met, and in this case conquered, by love.

Too much praise and commendation cannot be given to the aspiring participants who all worked hard to bring their acting to the Zenith of perfection seen in the meritorious results obtained.

But we all realize that their endeavors would not have brought the rich reward of success if it had not been for the energetic and masterful efforts put forth by Mr. Custance to whom we wish to acknowledge our thanks, appreciation and gratitude.

The play was witnessed by one of the largest crowds ever gathered at such an event, all of whom were pleased and complimentry about the evening's entertainment, which was a financial as well as an artistic success.

Between the second and third acts a laughable musical skit, known as the Strike Chorus", was very enthusiastically received and proved a source of much amusement and enjoyment.

For all these things we are therefore well pleased with our actors whose work was not alone a determined effort but a brilliant achievement, long to be remembered in the glowing annals of the incomparable class of nineteen hundred and ten.

ANNUAL SENIOR PLAY.



ESMERALDA,

Comedy Drama in Three Acts by Mrs. F. H Burnett.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5th, 1910.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

1.	Mr. Elbert Rogers, a North Carolina farmerRobert Donaldson		
2.	Mrs. Lydia Ann Rogers, his wife Jean Cochrane		
3.	Miss Esmeralda Rogers, his daughter Janet Haley		
4.	Dave Hardy, a young North Carolina farmerRussell Mather		
5.	Mr. Estabrook, a man of leisure		
6.	Mr. Jack Desmond, an American artist in Paris Charles Kelly		
7.	Miss Nora Desmond, his sister		
8.	Miss Kate Desmond, his sisterLouise Coe		
9.	George Drew, an American speculator John Scanlon		
10.	Sophie, a maid Edna Gorton		
	ACT I—The Rogers' farm in North Carolina.		
ACTS II and III—The Desmonds' studio in Paris.			
Between the acts songs were rendered by Jean Wanless and Myrtle Hobbs.			
List of those taking part in the "Strike Scene" in Act III:			
Steena Claire Green Bridget Julia Hase Butler Clifford Thorburn Clarence, the coachman Brayton Berry (Assisted by Chorus.)			
	Director		

CLASS NIGHT.

JUNE 14, 1910.

EXHIBIT A.

Here may you see the document in evidence.

EXHIBIT B.

Here may you see the name of my companion at the exercises.

Commencment Night.

JUNE 17, 1910.

Here is the farewell ceremony of the Class of 1910 on leaving D. C. H. S.





With the departing of '09 went the nucleus of a good team and rightly acknowledged as such. But the idea that it was the nucleus of a great team was changed for it was this season that showed who constituted the Great Team.

Out of obscurity and doubt there came a team of championship caliber tho it had two sad setbacks. The first at the hands of Mechanic Arts High who tricked our boys on the drop kick formations. The second, sad as it was, was by Blaine. It certainly makes one feel blue to think of it. The only excuse is—well, miracles happen even in our modern times.

But against this sad impression, picture the decisive score by which all other opponents were defeated, a total of 211, the largest so far against a sickly 20 of all eight teams played.

The past season was extremely satisfactory in every way for the Athletic Association came out ahead and so furnished the boys with regulation sweaters. Much praise is due Mr. C. C. Colton in his work as coach and as for a manager, well just mention T. F. Phillips' name at school and see what happens. The financial success was entirely due to his efforts.

The following men received their D's:

Will Stevens. Capt: Fullback. His never quiet spirit and his ground gaining ability placed "Yama" as the steadiest player and hardest man on the team. 1910.

Lawrence Boyle. Left half. "Larry's" drop kicking ability together with his line plunging and tackling gave him his well earned name and his continuous popularity. 1910.

Ralph Waldron. Right Half. "Steepy" showed exceptional accuracy in making forward passes and he handled most of the punting. 1911.

- James Kelly. Quarter Back. It was "Bat's" exceptional ability in advancing that placed him with the best of quarters. 1913.
- Russel Mather. Center. True the lightest so far but also the most aggressive player that has played center for Central. It was always Bessie's man who was laid out. 1910.
- Robert Mars. Left end. "Bob" is one of the steadiest and most aggressive ends the school has seen. Not spectacular but always there and in Blaine game he was one of the stars. 1912.
- Harold Feetham. Right end. "Chick's" favorite stunt was play smashing before the enemy knew he was there. He put up the classiest game against Mechanic Arts seen on the gridiron this year. 1910.
- Arnold Olson. Right tackle. It was his star playing against an All-Minn. tackle that first brought "K. M." to public notice. Capt. for 1910. It is hoped he will have great success. 1911.
- Arthur Helmer. Left guard. "Art" always was a star man. He was always seen in the midst of the tussle and played for all there was in him. 1910.
- Ben Nelson. Right guard. "Fat" the strong man of the line was not so slow as he might appear to be. Always at the front in the scrape was he, never losing an inch. 1911.
- Ernest Merritt. "Bab" and Mortimer Bondy, "Hezekiah" both won their D's. Exceedingly strong were these two subs and a hard tussle they gave to the regulars. 1910 and 1911.

TOTAL SCORE.

D. C. H. S	Two Harbors0
D. C. H. S	Ironwood0
D. C. H. S 0	St. Paul6
D. C. H. S	
D. C. H. S	Virginia5
D. C. H. S	
D. C. H. S 5	Blaine
	Marrie Territoria
211	20





Basketball.

It was largely in the nature of an experiment that basketball for the first time was included in the list of representative athletics of the Central High School. But it was an experiment that proved in every way a success for the team in its single season's training not only won prominence by reaching third place among the twenty-one teams at the Western Tournament at Madison, but it gained the best title to the state championship by its showing.

An interclass league at the Y. M. C. A. had fostered some interest and from the class teams Coach Wallace and Capt. "Larry" Boyle selected two teams. Morrison Harris was chosen student manager and a schedule was arranged to include as few home games with outside teams as possible.

A practice game with the Sodality team of the city was won by a good score and on the following week the Hibbing team was buried under a 44 to 14 count.

The first real contest came on Jan. 22, with the Superior Normal. Stage fright seemingly held possession of the Central players during the first half and the Normal gained a lead of twelve points. Perhaps a few minutes more on the second half would have reversed this lead, for the High School was within four points of the other's score. Games with Nelson Dewey and Blaine followed, and in heartbreaking finishes each was lost by the narrow margin of one point.

But valuable experience had been gained and the Duluth Y. M. C. A. and the Aitkin teams were taken into camp by large scores. A squad of eight men was taken to Ashland, Wisconsin on March 4, and the two games with

the light, fast team of that school were both won by good scores. It was clearly demonstrated that the Central boys were progressing when the return game with Nelson Dewey was played, for the first half showed a tally of 36 to 10, and the game ended in Central's favor with the largest score of the year. On March 10, 11, and 12, the University of Wisconsin held an invitation tournament for the best teams of the middle west and Central High School was invited to attend. The finances of the school would not warrant so expensive a trip, so the business men of the city were appealed to and they responded liberally, enough funds being raised to defray all expenses.

Coach Marvin Wallace, Capt. Lawrence Boyle, Morrison Harris, Ralph Waldron, Roy Johnson, Oscar Solheim and James Kelly made the trip and were royally entertained for the three days by the Theta Delta Chi fraternity. The Tournament proved an interesting one, ending with the college game between Wisconsin and Purdue. Cleveland, Ohio, was the first opponent of the High School and they proved rather an easy proposition. Freeport, Ill. contributed another victory which placed Duluth in the semi-finals. The game with Sterling, Ill., was a hard fought one with all the luck on the other side. The first half ended 7 to 4 for Duluth and the final score 15 to 18. Sterling then played Appleton, Wis., for the championship of the middle-west.

The fast floor work of Capt. Boyle in these games was rather spectacular and several goals from midfield brought the crowd in excitement to its feet. Coach Haskell Noyes of the Wisconsin team later picked an all-western team and placed "Larry" in one of the guard positions. It was at guard that his best work was done, although he started the season at forward, and just as many goals were gotten from that position.

Harris, the lightest man on the team, was the mainstay in throwing field goals, frequently contributing eight to ten in a game. In the last Blaine game, special care was taken to guard him and largely from the dependence put upon his playing, the Central team lost.

Waldron at center held his own with all his opponents and besides the throwing of the fouls, contributed nearly as many field goals as did Harris. Johnson and Solheim made an exceptionally strong pair of defensive players and it was largely due to their fast work that no large scores were totaled against the team. They were dangerous men to leave unguarded at any time and many goals fell to their credit. Few teams have a utility man as good as a regular

but in Kelly the Central team had a player who could always be depended upon to fill any place and he always contributed a goal or two when placed in the game even for a few minutes.

These six men were given sweater vests and the school letter at the end of the season.

A great deal of rivalry for a second team brought out quite a numerous squad and from these, Stevens, Taylor, Mars, Jeronimus and Osman were selected to play five games. Overtime games with the Normal and Y. M. C. A. teams and two clean-cut victories over Blaine fell to their lot.

With the exception of Capt. Boyle and Stevens all the old men will be back and already hopes for a championship team for next year are being expressed. The team should be able to increase their ability in throwing goals, and a little more speed will put them in the class with the best.

Jan. 3, Central	Sodality
Jan. 8, Central44	Hibbing 14
Jan. 22, Central22	Superior Normal28
Jan. 28, Central22	Nelson Dewey
Feb. 5, Central	Blaine
Second Team	Second Team10
Feb. 15, Central	Duluth Y. M. C. A 19
Feb. 18, Central	Aitkin20
Feb. 25, Central	Ashland, Wis21
Feb. 26, Central	Ashland, Wis22
Mar. 1, Central49	Nelson Dewey25
Mar. 10, Central	Cleveland, Ohio17
Mar.11, Central18	Freeport, Ill14
Mar.11, Central	Sterling, Ill18
Mar. 18, Central	Duluth Y. M. C. A14
Mar.25, Central22	Blaine24
Second Team	Second Team









Sept. 7.—We start upon our Senior year at High School.

Sept. 8.—The teachers show no mercy. Regular lessons for today and longer ones for tomorrow.

Sept. 13.—Pea soup for lunch "per usual"?

Sept. 22.—First Senior Class Meeting.

Sept. 23.—Musical Society organized.

Sept. 24.—Miss Taylor seats the freshmen in Assembly Hall.

Sept. 25.—First football game. Duluth victorious over Two Harbors.

Sept. 28.—Upper classmen are given seats in Assembly Hall.

Sept. 29.—Junior Class Meeting.

Oct. 1.—Mass meeting after school.

Oct. 2-Another victory for D. C. H. S. Duluth vs. Brainerd.

Oct. 4—Great celebration in chapel. Mr. Custance has a new football song.





Oct. 5—Found on the stairway by two young men, one lonely, bright yellow curl. Owner may have same by calling at office and identifying property.

Oct. 6—Sophomore Class Meeting. Great relief was felt today when the curl advertised yesterday was returned to Miss Helen Swan, its rightful owner after she had identified it as her own.

Oct. 9—D. C. H. S. wins again. D. C. H. S. vs. Ironwood.

Oct. 11.—Mr. Porter speaks to us in chapel about Oxford and the Algebra classes of Miss Wells are giv-

en an equally entertaining talk on the same? subject. Weekly football celebration in chapel.

Oct. 16.—Football game. "What a jolly good game we did have," although the score stood 6—0 in favor of St. Paul.

Oct. 18—Yelled for the football boys in chapel. Report cards!!!! We were all on the A Honor Roll—of course.

Oct. 23-D. C. H. S. victorious over Virginia.

Nov. 6—Special train for Superior to the football game. Hard luck. 6—5 in favor of Blaine.

Nov. 8—Blue Monday. Football boys fail to appear in chapel.

Nov. 10-Freshmen have a class meeting.

Nov. 12-Freshmen are energetic and have another class meeting.

Nov. 15—Reports again.

Nov. 16—Great preparations for the Annual Auction. Senior girls are kept busy soliciting pennants and candy, candy, and candy.

Nov. 17—Miss Wells decides to give Algebra classes a vacation and so stays away from school. Mr. Bacheler speaks in chapel and presents the champion basketball team of last year with banner and sweaters. Freshmen challenge Sophomores.

Nov. 18-Miss Wells is filled with remorse and returns to school.

Nov. 19—Many pupils of D. C. H. S. have left to attend the Minnesota and Michigan game. Mr. Buck entertains (?) Algebra classes. Football reception.

Nov. 20-Freshman-Sophomore Footbell game. Poor Freshmen.

Nov. 23—Miss Wells appears at school with flowing Michigan colors and is nearly mobbed.

Nov. 24—The day of the great successful Auction. \$235 taken in.

Dec. 3-Miss Wells is to have an operation and will be absent from school for three or four weeks, much to the sorrow of everyone in the Senior class.



Dec. 10—Everyone wears a long and sorrowful look for Miss Wells will not be able to come back to school this year.

Dec. 14—Xmas tree for the teachers. Mr. Sprague receives a lookingglass and the girls in Room 208 threaten to take it from him and hang it in the cloakroom.

Dec. 15-Lost! Ernest Merritt mysteriously disappeared from school. No trace of him can be found. His loss is a source of sorrow to the Seniors.

Dec. 16—Still no sign of Ernest. Great commotion at choir rehearsal.



Dec. 17—Ernest is found at last. pears at school but the cause of his disappearance is still a mystery. Senior Hop.

Vacation.

Jan. 3-Back to school again. Bergman appears with suspicious-looking diamond upon the third finger of her left hand. Special class meeting. Basketball game.

Jan. 4-Mr. Sprague asks us to hand in answers to the following questions and Bill Stevens answers thus,

- Subject of Senior Essay? Girls.
- 2. Chief Interest? Girls.
- What do you do outside of school?





Jan. 5—Terrible catastrophe in Room 109. Monsieur Romieux loses his much tried patience and the Senior girls of third year French see stars for several minutes. Ruth Ericson is so overcome that she leaves the room and does not appear the rest of the period.

Jan. 6—The Senior girls have formed a basketball team and are trying for the championship of the school.

Jan. 7—Larry Boyle and Margaret Elder sent out of History again.

Jan. 9—Mr. Sprague gives the Seniors a little surprise and calls them all by their first names.

Jan. 10—Russell Mather spends two periods preparing a lotion in Chemistry, which he promptly pours over the floor. Was it Hudnut's Violet Lotion?

Jan. 12—Another exciting time in French Per. VI. Marianne Williamson gets hysterics.

Jan. 17—Great co-educational doings on the third floor, luncheon period. Several couples go up to investigate the conditions of the heavenly bodies?

Jan. 9—Noodles Fagan, the king of the newsboys and incidently an actor at the Bijou, talks to us. As a result everybody goes to the Bijou.

Jan. 21—Junior Hop.



Jan. 23—Mr. Sparry speaks to us in chapel. As a result, the boys are fully determined not to marry a clothes rack and the girls resolve never to be an appendix to a cigarette fiend.

Jan. 26—Mr. Custance talks to us about Senior Play.

Jan. 27—It doesn't seem like the regular order in Assembly Hall for Miss Taylor is sick. Mr. Custance tells a new joke in Virgil and some of the pupils get reckless and volunteered to tell some too.

Feb. 3—Exams!!!!!!

Feb. 4—Exams!!! Musical Society gives concert and take in \$89.

Feb. 5—Miss Taylor still absent. We all earnestly hope that she will recover soon.

Feb. 11—Visitor's Day at High School. Teachers' convention. Pupils take fright and skip to the big fire on Michigan Street. The pupils and one poor visitor in Mr. Sprague's English Class Per. IV. were reduced to a wild state of laughter when Marjorie Harrison's hair fell down as she was preparing to recite. The remainder of the period was spent in collecting her hair pins.

Feb. 14—Freshmen talk of nothing else but the valentines they received, much to the disgust of the Seniors, who, of course, are too old for such foolishness.

Feb. 18—We know the joys of spelling once more.

Feb. 24—Mr. Sprague gives the members of his English classes a severe jolt in the form of seventies and sixties on their cards.

March 2—Mr. Custance chooses the cast for the Senior Play and will begin rehearsals for it at once. Happy are they who get out of their Senior Essay.

March 10—We spend most of our time at the Library looking up references for our essays.

March 15—There is a rumor that Dido of Virgil fame is dying and cannot last another day.

March 16—Alas! poor Dido has died another time. Her death was a sad blow to the Seniors who appeared in mourning, and wept bitterly when Mr. Custance spoke a few comforting words to the broken hearted (?) pupils.

March 17—We are all Irish today and "wearers of the green."

March 18—A great transformation took place today. The Senior girls were their hair down their backs and with a huge brightly colored bow, just to show that they could "don't you know."

Easter Vacation.

March 28—Back to school after vacation. Chemistry classes will not recite the rest of the week as Mr. Wheeler is sick. The Senior boys challenge the faculty to a game of baseball.

March 29—The rehearsals for the play are getting along finely. Athletic Meeting. Track and baseball captains elected.

April 1—The Sophomore Hop was given and it wasn't a joke either.

April 3—The chorus for the Senior Play is rehearsing and will be a great success.

April 5—The play was given and was a great success and everyone in the cast was a star.

April 8—Governor Eberhart speaks to us in chapel. Mr. Custance departed for the sunny south this afternoon and will be gone for a week. No Virgil to recite but lessons are assigned as usual.

April 11—Mr. Hiestand played the accompaniment for the choir this morning and greatly pleased his audience.



April 20—Great indignation was felt by the members of Mr. Sprague's English classes when Arthur Ableson, bearing upon his person the English examination questions, was brutally abducted by Messrs. Merritt, Mather & Co. As a result of this outrage, the English exam. was postponed—one day.

April 29—The Freshmen distinguish themselves by their spread and dance.

May 1—Moving day for both the faculty and the pupils. Mr. Sprague moves to Lakeside near the Golf Links and Mr. Romieux's beloved sixth period French Class change their recitation room to 106.

May 7-We read "ye olde favorite", the Princess.

May 15—The Senior's pictures appear in the morning paper.

May 16—The Junior-Senior Debate in chapel. They did their best to have a period eliminated.

May 17—Mr. Custance's new plans for Class Night promise to be a great success.

May 27—The Seniors feel that their school days are nearly over, and gather at the last party they will ever give at old D. C. H. S.

June 4—Senior exams are drawing near.

June 6—We all helped Mr. Sprague celebrate his birthday.

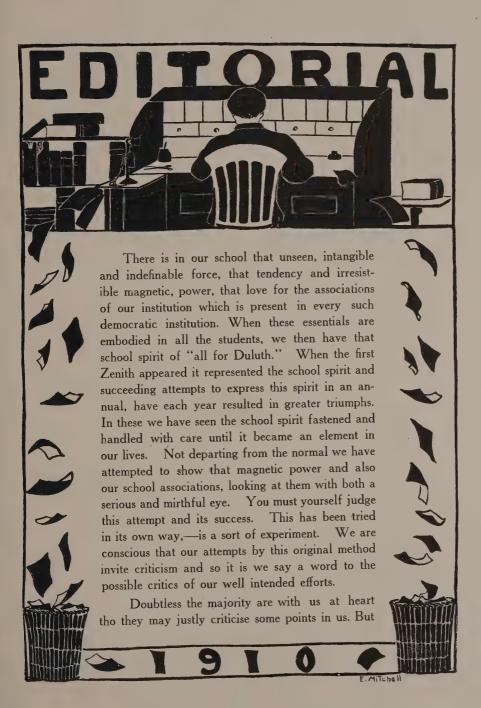
June 14—Class Night. Appearance of Zenith.

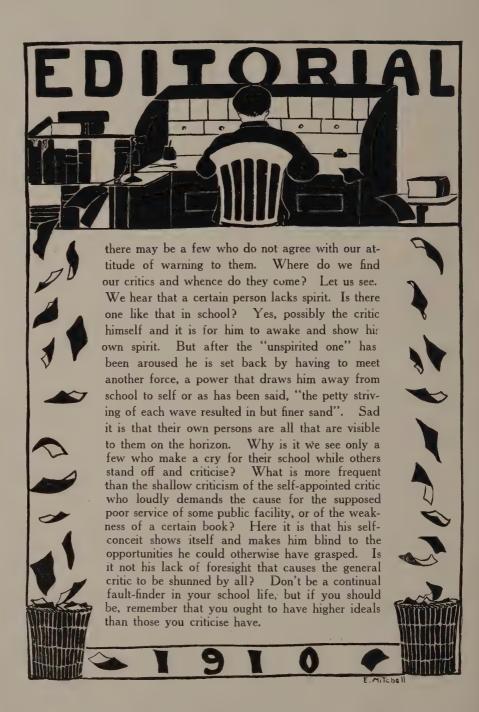
June 16—We certainly congratulate the Juniors on the splendid party they gave us.

June 17—The last chapel and commencement then—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

MARJORIE MAY HARRISON.







ROSTER OF CLASSES.

JUNIORS.

Abram, Rebecca Alford, Pauline Anderson, Herbert Barrows, Margaret Berg, Frances Bergstrom, Frank Berguist, Edna Bevis, Palmer Bjorge, Ruth Bondy, Mortimer Bordeleau, Frank Borgen, Ruth Bossnet, Harry Boyle, Joseph Bradford, Wealtha Brocklehurst, Charlotte Brown, Annie Brown, Everett Bushnell, Esther Cade, Edith Cade, Stanley Carmody, Agnes Cheadle, Madeline Cook, John Wellington Cooper, Howard Coventry, Edith Coventry, Franklin Craig, Nathalie Cumming, Mabel DeVey, Howard Ehlenbach, Carrie Ericson, Hilda Fee, Laura Final, Chelsie Fitger, Arnold Flaaten, Violet Flinn, Myra Flynn, Kathleen Forbes, Ruth Freimuth, Enid Freimuth, Rudolph

Gilleland, Cecil Gilleland, Stanley Gingold, Sam Glass, Walter Goering, Estelle Gonska, Ethel Gowan, George Grogan, Clifford Gunderson, Arthur Haakons, Gudrun. Haire, Earl Hall, Ellan Hallock, Alta Hancock, Ray Hanson, Dorothy Harris, Morrison Hartz, Louise Hawkes, Theron Helm, Meridith Hilman, Henry Holman, Maud Hovde, Rholf Howell, Eva Hutchings, Arthur Iacobson, Nora Johnson, Clarence Johnson, Delmer Johnson, Maurice Johnson, Roy King, George Lamb, Stanley Latshaw, Max Lawrence, Leonard LeDuc, Lloyd LeMoignan, Arthur Lenning, Gladys Lerch, Roger Levin, Hazel Lillyander, Matthew Linderberg, Edwin Lund, Alice

McConaughy, Griffith Mattison, Harold Melander, Ludwig Merritt, George Midthune, Agnes Mooney, Marion Muir, Stewart Neimeyer, Ruth Nelson, Ben Nevin, Earl Nilsen, Mabel Norquist, Mary Northfield, Ivan Olin, Phillip Olsen, Florence Oreck, Erwin Paul, Herbert Perry, Gisa Peterson, Arthur Peterson, William Plutnisky, Agnes Reed, Bertha Reynolds, Alice Reynolds, Winnifred Rice, Margaret Ringsred, Oswald Robertson, Mary Rocklin, Lena Sarff, Gladys Sayer, Mildred Shepardson, Arden Sibbald, Bruce Smart, Daisy Smith, Ethel Smith, Helen Smith, Raymond Solheim, Oscar Spencer, Eben Staples, King Stephenson, Evangeline Stokes, Harold

Taylor, Asher Teppen, Alfred Thomas, Edith Thompson, Irving Trott, Lois Vivian, Leona Voss, Marshall Wall, James Jr. Waldron, Ralph Wallinder, Ruth Wanless, David Wasson, Harold Watkins, Marie Weiss, Wilma West, Charles Westaway, Isabel Westberg, James Wharton, James Whipple, Mary, Woodbridge, Lydia Young, Mary

SOPHOMORES.

Anderson, Clara Anderson, Mary Andrews, Winnifred Ardouin, Louis Aske, Eleanor Aske, Irving Atchley, Margaret Bartholomew, Freda Bates, Floyd Beatty, Thomas Belanger, Blandine Bevis, Ledru Bergtold, Georgine Bieberman, Elsa Bingham, Will Bjorge, Torfin Boden, George Brown, Ward Buckley, Rose Cameron, Wallace Campbell, Frances Cant, Howard Carpenter, Wallace Champlin, Lloyd Coe, Douglas Cohen, Nathan Cook, David Crane, Alice Cromwell, Leslie Crowley, Dolly Currie, John Dahl, Geneva Davis, Winfield Dice, Russel Donovan, Elizabeth

Dorland, May Dowse, Dorothy Duby, Lawrence Dunning, Ralph Drewett, Edith Eckstram, Anna Edmond, Robert Ekholm, Evelyn Elingwood, Emroy Engel Guston Erickson, Anna Erickson, Eddie Erickson, George Falstad, Constance Farrel, Alice Feetham, Nellie Fitger, Marion Flint, Gertrude Foryziak, Anton Fossum, Theresa Fowler, Bernice Frantz, Angus Fredin, John Freimuth, Hugo George, Mildred Gibson, Dorothy Gibson, May Gilbert, Clarence Gilbert, Lucile Gilleland, Violet Gillis, Ross Goodhand, Ray Greene, Bertrani Grettum, Irving Hagberg, Bernard

Hake, Luella Halenbeck, Henry Halvorsen, Gaylord Hargraves, 1rene Harris, Caldwell Harris, Earl Harrison, Harriet Hathaway, Cecilia Hawkins, Josephine Heiam, Agnes Hoar, Lucile Hough, Waldon Huber, Lilly Hutchinson, Ward Ingalls, Marion Iverslie, Clara Jensen, Harry Jeronimus, Charles Johnson, Alma Johnson, Andrew Johnson, Doris Johnson, Edwin Johnson, Margaret Johnston, Norman Jones, Dorothy Karon, Abe Karon, Fanny Kelley, Harold Kern, Avice Kerr, Eva Kerr, Vivienne Kilgore, Kathleen Klein, Mae Knapp, Grace Knutson, Agnes

Koefod, Hilma Lee, Cletus Little, Charles Luxon, Elda McDermid, Frank McDunnough, Nora McFadden, Stella McKennett, Myrtle McKenzie, Lee MacLachlan, Perry McLean, Douglas McLean, Margaret McLeod, Annabel MacLeod, Isabel McManus, Albert McManus, Rhea McMillan, Marjorie McNally, Earl Macaulay, Isabella Macdonald, Alex Markus, Ben Mars, Robert Martin, George Marvin, Lois Melander, Oscar Meldrum, Allan Mallet, Merita Matson, Fred Merritt, Glen Messier, Marie Miller, Adelaide Michael, Blanche Moe, Lilly Monaghan, Lillian Moore, Carolyn Moore, Wendell Moore, Gladys Mork, Esther Morterud, Hazel Mullin, Lucius Murchison, Louise Muray, George

Niswander, Edmand Nolte, Julius O'Brien, Edward O'Brien, Elwood Oie, Beatrice Olsen, Alice Olson, Arnold Olson, Ebba Olsen, Elsie Olsen, Elva Olson, Rov Olson, Gustaf O'Neil, Hazel Osman, Arthur Ostby, Martha Patenaude, Alva Peterson, Agnes Pillsbury, Burdette Plutinsky, Agnes Powell, Roger Prudden, Mildred Radabaugh, Lulu Rankin, Helen Reed, Mollie Rudd, Esther Reynolds, Adele Risatti, Svlvia Ritchie, Julian Roecher, Arthur Rossiter, Kenneth Russel, Earl Salnovitz, Sarah Salyards, Ely Sampson, Harriet Sanders, Josie Sanders, Mabel Sanders, Martha Saxine, Sadie Schadewald, Arthur Schlaman, Vera Schlaman, Ruth Schmidt, Lucile

Schober, Loyal Schwerdt, Edward Segerman, Esther Seguin, Celestia Shearer, Jessie Sherwood, Mildred Shogran, Rudolph Smith, Katharine Smith, Emily Smith, Hazel Smith, Mildred Solheim, Sophia Stanford, Mortimer St. Clair, Rex Stetson, Harland Stillman, George Strong, Stephen Sullivan, Johanna Swan, Helen Swanston, Tekla Syreen, George Thwing, Dorothy Tidball, Esley Towere, Winnifred Upham, Helen Vienner, James Wagner, John Wagner, Mary Wall, Whitney Walline, Will Walt, Sarah Wanless, Jean Warren, Bessie Wasgatt, Arthur Watt. Florence Webb, Florence Weinberg, Fred Wilander, Walter Willner, Eunice Wood, Philip Young, Lucien

FRESHMEN.

Ableson, Rae Abrams, Joseph Acker, Albert Adams, Eva Adolfson, George Albertson, Mabel Alford, Eva Altman, Bessie Anderson, Agnes Anderson, Agnes E. Anderson, Bertha Anderson, Esther Anderson, Esther S. Anderson, Godfrey Appleby, Marion Arneson, Laura Atkinson, Lawrence Baillie, Mariorie Baillie, Irma Bailer, Paul Baker, Phillip Bakkin, Rov Bannen, Truie Bateman, Winnifred Bawden, Richard Beck, Arthur Beebe, Marie Belanger, Emil Bemis, Ruby Benda, Ermina Beresford, Margaret Berg, Clara Berg, Emma Berg, Simon Bergevin, Wanda Bergstrom, Ray Barkson, Ida Berquist, Melvin Bevier, Sylvia Bielli, Charles Blanche, Grace Blanche, Margaret Bogan, Ralph Bondy, Rosalind

Bornemann, Myrtle Bowman, Leslie Boyle, Mary Bradbury, Herbert Brand, Anna Brand, Ethel Branscombe, Jack Bray, Charles Bray, Mayme Bromund, Roland Brooke, Truman Brophy, Dan Brophy, John H. Brower, Bessie Brocon, Matthew Brown, Sam Bruber, Emily Burnside, Clayton Burrell, Zella Butchart, Ellis Butchart, Everett Busselman, John Byrd, Nancy Calhoun, Sadie Campbell, Bruce Capen, William Carlson, Alice Carlson, Lillie Carlson, Martin Carpenter, Chauncey Carroll, Ethel Caulkins, Harold Christianson, Minnie Chubbuck, Avelina Clark, Alice Elizabeth Clark, Elizabeth Clark, Harry Clark, Lewis Clark, Margaret Clark, Velna Claypool, Bessie Clouse, Mabel Cohen, Jessie Collins, Elsie

Cook, George Cook, Nathan Cook, Norman Cooper, Isabel Coran, Rose Corson, Hicks Cossi, Myrtle Cox, Bertha Cox, Hazel Crasweller, Mark Cullen, Kathleen Cullum, Richard Currie, Jean Currie, Virginia Currier, Ella Dahl, Esther Dahl, Mattie Dahlen, Lillie Davis, Deane Dent, Bessie Dent, Florence Dever, Francis De Youch, Josephine Dingwall, Jemina Ditemen, Howard Dobie, Lillian Dodge, Lucien Douglas, Ruth Duby, Gladys Duclett, Sigurd DuMoe, Joseph Dworshak, Emma Edwards, Madge Ehlenbach, Julia Eide, Ethel Elder, William Ellingsen, Willie Ellis, Ina Ellis, Sam Elmquist, Edith Emmons, Thomas Enquist, Lulu Evered, Helen Fee, Alice

Ferguson, Eppie Fider, Clara Finke, Marshall Fitzpatrick, Roy Flaaten, Ruby Flynn, John Foley, Vera Forbes, Gertrude Forbes, Hazel Forrester, Ella Frankosky, Frank Frantz, Sam French, Mignon Forestedt, Edith Fridsburg, Oscar Friedman, Irene Fryberg, Hilma Fugelso, Gertrude Garrigan, Marjorie Gotkin, Tony Getz, Marguerite Gibson, William Giddings, Leland Giddings, Raymond Gingold, Sadie Glover, Albert Goering, Ernest Goldsmith, Winnifred Gonyea, Roy Gorman, Ruby Gottschald, Alex Gottschald, Raleigh Grandy, Fred Grant, Grace Greenfield, Allan Grogan, Stanley Gronseth, Ruth Gross, Alma Gruman, Lillian Gude, Louis Gunderson, Olive Gustafson, Marie Halvorsen, Halvor Hammond, Erwin Hansen, Ruth Hansen, Richard

Hanslaib, Jean Hanson, Agnes Harker, Mabel Harris, Kenneth Harrison, Virginia Hartz, Lester Hathaway, Calvin Hector, Rena Helm, McKinley Helmer, Herbert Helmer, Mildred Hibke, Violet Hill, Ida Emily Hobbs, Myrtle Honigman,, Bertha Hoover, Walter Hopkins, Winnifred Hovde, Astrid Hoyt, Marian Hubbard, Helen Huber, Elsie Huber, Violet Huttel, Fred Iverson, Nora Jaap, Walter, Jacobs, Della Jacobson, Ray Jenks, Anna Johnson, Albin Johnson, Bertha Johnson, Henry Johnson, Mabel Johnson, Manfred Johnson, Robert Johnson, Signe Johnson, Suava Johnson, Victoria Johnson, Walter Keller, Fred Kelley, James Kempinski, Ralph Kennedy, Lawrence Kerns, John Kerns, Ralph Kierserling, Matthew King, Fred

Klatzky, Esther Knisely, Helen Knisely, Lucile Kolstad, George Kraft, Elinore Krantz, Clemens Krantz, Ethel M. Krause, Homer Kugler, Ernest Kugler, Ralph Lang, Alice Langstaff, Florence Larson, Ruby Larson, Vernie Laskey, Lillian Lawrenz, Walter Leonard, Ida LeTourneau, Evelyn Levin, Irma Levy, Lillian Liden, Paul E. Lilleg, Ethel Lindahl, Olga Linden, Sigrid Littell, Rudolph Loomis, Claude Low, Mildred Lowry, Raymond Lundberg, William McAlpine, Helen McBride, Bessie McCabe, Irene McCabe, John McCarthy, Leonard McClenaghan, Grace McConaughey, Dwight McConaughey, Nat McCuen, Gertrude McDonald, Gordon McDonald, Marie McDonnaugh, Will McGhie, Louise McHugh, Ethel McIntyre, Maude E. McKay, Charlotte MacLaclan, Lynn

McLean, Thorton, McLeod, George McLeod, Hazel McLeod, Helen McMartin, Clarence McMullan, Jessie McRae, Kenneth McTague, Olive Magie, Melvin Maghan, Myrtle Mahon, George Mars, Florence Marshall, Jean Marvin, Clifford Mason, Marion Mattson, Marie Meakin, Dorothy Melander, Reinhold Merritt, Edna Meyers, Myrtle Miller, Bertha Miller, Mildred Miller, Richard Victor Miles, Harold Milne Marjorie Mitchell, Ruby Monaghan, Imelda Mooney, Alice Moore, Leslie Morin, Ethel Morterud, Evelyn Mouser, Dulcie Munro, Kathryn Munson, Drusila Murray, Grace Needham, Gladys Needham, Margaret Neff, Florence Neimeyer, Mabel Nelson, Edith Nelson, Emma Nelson, Mae Nelson, Matilda Nelson, Swan Neil, Budd Nesbit, William

Nichols, Victors Nickelson, Florence Noble, Myrtle O'Donnell, Charles Ogilvie, Amelia O'Gorman, Loretta Older, Lincoln Olin, Justin Olsen, Esther Olsen, Otto Olson, Albert Olson, Hulda O'Neale, Grace Oreck, Lyle Owen, Floyd Owen, James Paine, Arla Patterson, Louise Patterson, Norma Paul, Ruth Paulson, Signe Peck, Marjorie Perry, Dell Peterson, Arthur Peterson, Elizabeth Peterson, Florence Peterson, Helmer Peterson, Vista Phelps, Doris Pierce, Dorothy Pinkerton, Laura Pond. Harold Porter, Hattie Prosser, Ruth Prudden, Weston Pugh, Olive Pugh, Warren Quigley, Harold Rachlin, David Rakowsky, Erna Richardson, Allan Rissatti, Alfred Ristan, Esther Roberts, Bertie Robinson, Agnes Roecker, Herbert

Roske, Leonard Ryan, Florence Ryning, Edna Sahlberg, John Salter, Margaret Sargent, Rhobie Saxton, Eunice Scheideker, Millicent Scott, Helen Scott, Olive Seymour, Dorothy Shaw, Eugene Shogran, Violet Shurson, Erling Sibbald, Francis Sibbald, May Signer, Edward Simon, May Skelton, Vernon Skilllinger, David Sleeper, Walter Smallwood, James Smith, Elva Solomon, Marian Southwick, Gem Spindler, Wilfred Stark, John Stavrum, Arthur Stephens, Ethelwyn Stewart, Mildred Stoltz, Alvern Storer, Dorothy Strong, Dorothy Sukeforth, Howard Sundeen, Milton Sutton, Leslie Swanstrom, Eddie Swendby, Margaret Thatcher, William Thomas, Morris Thompson, Cecelia Thompson, Rov Earl Thomson, Alfil Thomson, William Tod, Marian Troyer, Bernice

Trulson, Arvid
Tracey, Charles
Tschiegi, Lillian
Tunnell, Ramona
Turnbull, William
Viking, Thurrell
Vivian, Edgar
Vivian, Edna
Vivian, George
Van Vliet, Fred
Vroman, Grace
Wachtel, Dorothy
Walker, Cherrie

Walker, Robert
Wall, Helen
Waterhouse, Jessie
Webster, Beatrice
Wenisch, Florence
Westberg, Elvera
Westholm, Lindolf
Wetzler, Alice
Whipple, Eunice
Whipple, Florence,
Whitcomb, Mary
Whiteside, Charles
Wiberg, Victor

Wicken, Aslang Wieland, Ruth Wiersch, Charles Willeson, Myra Wolfrom, Clara Wonderly, Ipha Worcester, Olive Yergan, Willow Young, Dorothy Zeidel, Sam Zimmerman, Walter Zuger, Helen



BOARD OF EDUCATION.

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Adhertisements

DULUTH BUSINESS UNIVERSITY,



PARTIAL VIEW OF FRIVATE OFFICE.



PARTIAL VIEW OF MODEL OFFICE.

DULUTH BUSINESS UNIVERSITY.



PARTIAL VIEW OF RECEPTION OFFICE.

It has been truly said, "The safety and perpetuity of the Republic rests upon its popular education. Popular education depends for its efficiency upon its thoroughness within certain limits. Its

primary purpose is for a practical, useful education for every day duties."

The Duluth Business University has, during the past 19 years, stood for the highest and best in practical education. During this time it has educated and started into the commercial world hundreds of young men and women. The school's success in supplying clerical help to business firms of the Northwest, as has been said, "places it in a position of importance to the highest commercial interests of this territory." Thoroughness, square dealing and ability to give to its students that preparation which fits them for up-to-date office practice are the features upon which the school relies for its success.

Probably few people realize what a factor in the upbuilding of the cities at the Head of the Lakes is this school. Its annual enrollment now reaches from 600 to 700. Fully one-third of its students come from outside of this city, many of them from homes hundreds of miles from Duluth. After completing their courses, these young people invariably get employment at the Head of the Lakes and become permanent residents here. It is safe to say that they, together with relatives and friends they induce to come here, increase our population from 500 to 600 a year.

The college now occupies two entire floors in the Christie Building, an absolutely fire proof, modern building. Prof. F. B. Bliss, a noted educator and author of the Bliss System of Actual Business, has this to say of the school; "I have visited every business college of note from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the Canadian boundary, and I believe the Duluth Business University has the most elegant quarters and is one of the best equipped, best conducted business colleges in the United States. I consider it the palace business college of America." After leaving High School every young man and woman in Duluth should aim to get a course at training at this practical institution.



That Summer Vacation Can Best be Taken in the Beautiful Lake Vermilion Region.

Out of Duluth, 26 miles into the forest of Minnesota, its clear waters abounding in fish, its placid surface studded with islands, this beautiful lake is fast becoming a favorite resort for tourists, campers, fishermen and hunters.

Here Wall-eyed Pike, Pickerel [Northern Perch], Perch and Rock Bass are abundant.

Numerous tributary streams stocked with fish thread their way to its thickly wooded shores through a region populous with the Moose and Deer.

Small lakes nearby furnish Black Bass and Lake Trout fishing.



THE

Duluth & Iron Range Rail Road

OFFERS

TWO FIRST CLASS TRAINS IN EACH DIRECTION between DULUTH and TOWER, MINN., on Week Days,

ONE FIRST CLASS TRAIN IN EACH DIRECTION on Sunday.

Cafe-Observation Car in connection.



Our new folder fully describes and illustrates this unrivaled district. The "Vermilion Route" takes you there.

Modern Hotel Accommodation, cottages, tents, launches, canoes, hunting and fishing paraphernalia, reliable guides and cooks, provisions in season, can be had at Tower, Minn.

Full Particulars furnished upon request to

H. JOHNSON, G. P. A., Duluth, Minnesota;

or to

FRED E. KOLB, Manager, Vermillion Hotel, Tower, Minnesota.



"VERMILION ROUTE."



JUST A WORD WITH YOU MISTER STUDENT.

You're a High School man, and therefore your taste has been educated to appreciate the best whether it is in literature, in art, or in clothing.

We think that our clothes are the best to be had. We would like your opinion.

Our stock contains many features that appeal with great force to well dressed young men. It has always been our aim to carry only such clothing as is individual in style and fabric.

Elsewhere you can find good clothes. Here you will find good clothes that are distinctive.

We can fit you to perfection and dress you so that you will look different from "Tom, Dick and Harry," and our prices are the same as others ask for commonplace clothes.

We feel that a call from you will be an opportunity for us to show you our magnificent line of HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX YOUNG MEN'S ALL-WOOL CLOTHES—our extensive line of MANHATTAN & WILSON BROS. Negligee Shirts—our special line of Young Men's Imported Hats—our display of Carter & Holmes Beautiful Neckwear—our Athletic Underwear—and W. L. Douglas Shoes for Young Men.

May we have a call and your opinion?

THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN

KENNEY & ANKER,

DULUTH, MINN.

"The Shopping Center of Duluth."



View showing the Glass Block Store and annex—having more than 65 departments and covering more than 2 acres of floor space—the greatest store in the Northwest.



Directory of the Glass Block Store.

FIRST FLOOR

Silks
Linings
Flannels
Handkerchiefs
Parasols and Umbrellas
Fancy Art Goods, stamping
Men's Furnishings
Smoking Articles
Photographic Supplies
Music
Shoes (Shoe Annex)

Dress Goods
Domestics
Laces and Embroideries
Ribbons
Dress Trimmings
Las. and Chis. Underwear
Jewelry and Silverware
Optical Goods
Books and Stationery
Drug Sundries
Credit Department

Wash Fabrics Linens Veilings and Neckwear Gloves Notions Las. and Chis, Hosiery Leather Goods Artists' Materials Candies Pyrography Goods Cutlery

BASEMENT.

Crockery and Glassware Bric-a-brac Sporting Goods Stoves and Stove Supplies Electric and Gas Lamps House Furnishings Toys and Dolls Three Big Bargain Squares

Bar Goods Fishing Tackle Live Pet Department

SECOND FLOOR.

Millinery Furs Infant's Wear Waiting and Writing Rooms Corsets and Paper Patterns Cloaks, Suits, Dresses

Boys' Clothing Muslin Underwear French & Convent Underwear

THIRD FLOOR.

Interior Decorating Art Gallery Furniture Alteration Rooms Waiting Rooms Wall Paper and Moulding Trunks and Bags Brass and Iron Beds New Manicuring Parlors Hair Dressing Parlors

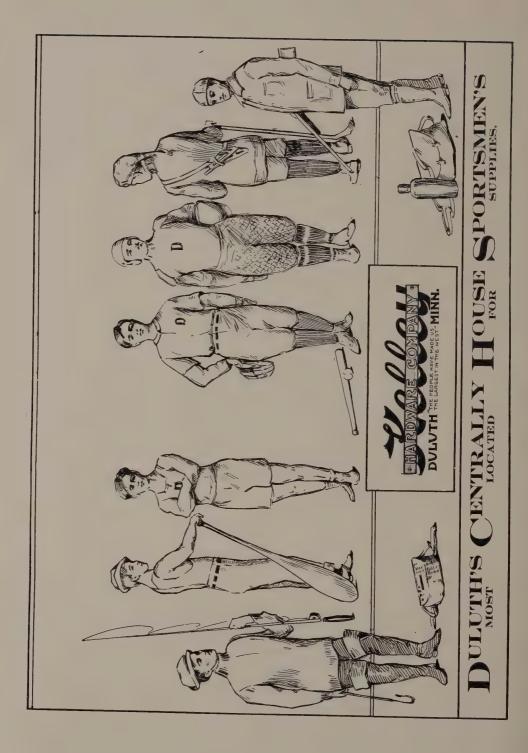
Mail Order Dep't Contract Dep't Sewing Machines Hair Goods & Ornaments Manufacturing Dept.

FOURTH FLOOR.

Carpets and Rugs Restaurant Comforts and Blankets Horse Blankets, Saddlery Draperies Marble Toilet Rooms

Sub-Basement and Fifth Floor-Reserve Stocks.







PORTSMEN of the Central High School

have long regarded the Kelley Hardware Co. as their Mecca and have naturally turned their steps to wards it in ever increasing numbers on the eve of the opening of each sport-season. Nor has it been merely chance that has determined their choice, but the fact that always, whatever their needs, they can be

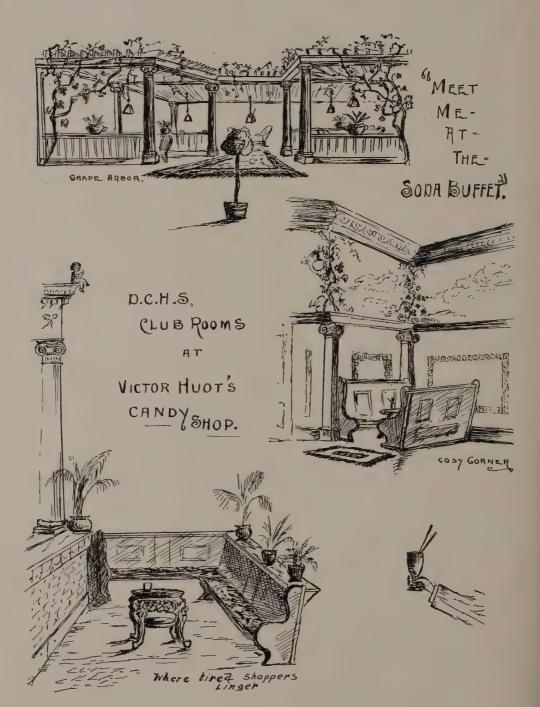
certain of having them supplied promptly in the splendidly-stocked sporting goods department of this, the largest hardware store west of Chicago. It is the boast of this store that their hardware department can supply the consumer with anything from a thumb-tack to a complete outfit for a modern carpenter's shop; and that their sporting goods department can supply anything from a box of .22 cartridges to a complete 60 H. P. racing motor-boat. Not alone on the vastness of their stock have they builded up their great clientele, not alone on the quality of their merchandise and the fairness of their pricing. Add to these three the absolute integrity of the firm in all matters of business, the fact that they never intentionally misrepresent their goods and that they back every sale with an offer of "Satisfaction or Money Back" and it becomes an easy matter to account for every step of their progress from the day they first opened their doors to the day that made it possible for them to epitomize their business in the terse phrase-"The People Have Made Us the Largest In the West."



NEITHER snap-judgment, ancient prejudice, nor the small merchant tailor's suasion should prevent you from studying the modern progress in clothes-making as exemplified in Columbia 1910 clothes. Have a try-on in front of the Columbia's triplicate mirror.



DRESSED in a Columbia Suit, you can pose in front of a camera with perfect confidence in your appearance. The makers of Columbia Clothes for Young Men are specialists who know how to fit you faultlessly and in the best style.



VICTOR HUOT CO.

60

We are showing, on the opposite page, a few sketches of one of the most popular places in Duluth. This store is entering on its seventh year of real success—in its present location.

The name of Victor Huot has been associated with the best candies for a long way back beyond the seven years, as Mr. Huot located in Duluth in October, 1889, when a minor, and again his record for good candies goes back even further—to St. Paul, when at the age of 15 years, he formed a partner-ship with J. George Smith, as Smith & Huot, Ryan Fruit Store, on the corner of Sixth and Robert streets, and for four years previous to coming to Duluth the firm became known as the leading confectioners of the Twin Cities.

Mr. Huot has given Duluth a store and a line of candies that would be a credit to the principal boulevard of America.

Mr. Huot always spends the opening season in the eastern cities, studying the candy arts, and searching for novelties and new ideas, but is always glad to get back to Duluth, although he has had many temptations to enter larger fields, but Duluthians show a keen appreciation of good things not to be found elsewhere.

This is noticeable at the soda fountain, when during Minnesota's long severe winters you will never see less than four dispensers, always busy, serving gallons of ice cream in many varieties.

This is owing in a great measure to the excellent quality of fruits and flavors, and the rich home-made creams and ices used.

The new cut flower refrigerator has been installed—increasing that department three-fold.

Mr. Huot is not a grower, but he handles only the best stock grown, and his grower carried away 85 per cent of the premiums at the last winter flower show.

THE OLIVER IRON MINING COMPANY.

The Oliver Iron Mining Company, a subsidiary company of the United States Steel Corporation, produces about 65 per cent of all the ore mined in Minnesota, the shipments for the year 1909 aggregating approximately 18,000,000 tons, 17,000,000 tons being obtained frim the Missabe Range and about 1,000,000 tons from the Vermilion Range. The aggregate tonnage of ore for 1909 from Minnesota, which State furnishes three-fifths of the iron ore produced in the United States, amounted to 29,282,526 tons.

Since the opening of the Vermillion Range in 1884, there has been produced from Minnesota 224,825,000 tons of iron ore, of which the Missabe Range is credited with 195,700,000 tons.

The Oliver Iron Mining Company controls all the producing properties of the Vermillion Range, and the shipment last year from the Missabe Range was obtained from 32 properties. Besides these, the Oliver Iron Mining Company has other extensive holdings, some of which have produced ore from time to time, and others which are known to contain ore are held in reserve for future time.

The ore from the Vermilion Range, and also from some properties on the Missabe, is mined from shafts. The bulk of the ore, however, comes from what is called the "open pit mining." By this method the gravel or over-burden is first removed and the ore later extracted by the use of steam shovels. Last year the Oliver Iron Mining Company removed 22,000,000 cubic yards of stripping, so that, when with this is considered the shipment of ore, the material handled by the Oliver Iron Mining Company alone is nearly as great as that of the Panama Canal. When it is considered that there are other independent companies mining on the Missabe, the material handled during the year is in excess of that at the Isthmus.

The United States Steel Corporation controls two railroads, one of which has ore docks at Two Harbors, and the other at West Duluth. The largest portion of the ore is handled from the Duluth docks. The Great Northern Railway maintains ore docks at Superior, and transports considerable ore owned by other companies on the Missabe Range.

The United States Steel Corporation, through the Pittsburg Steamship Company, maintains a very large fleet of boats to transport this ore to lower lake points, and taken altogether, it can be readily seen how much the operations of the Oliver Iron Mining Company mean to Minnesota, and especially to Duluth.

Owing to the extensive operations conducted by the Oliver Iron Mining Company, the highest standards in mining are followed in the extraction and handling of the ore, and also for the protection and welfare of the employes and those dependent on them.

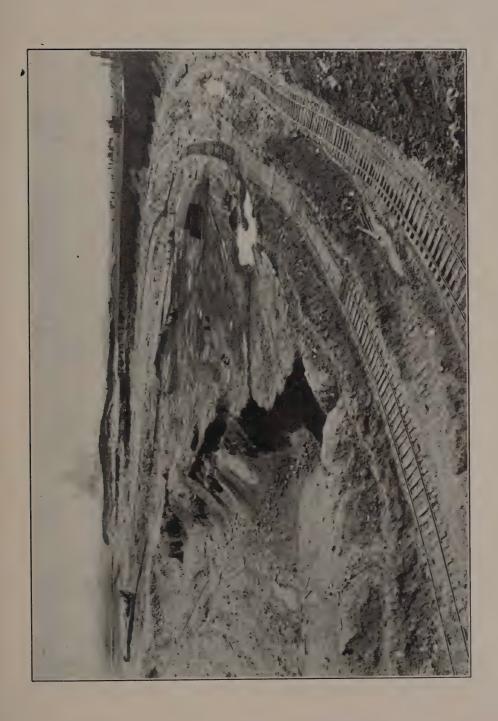
The officers of the Oliver Iron Mining Company are:

W. J. Olcott, President.

Pentecost Mitchell, Vice President.

J. H. McLean, General Manager.

J. H. Hearding, Assistant General Manager.



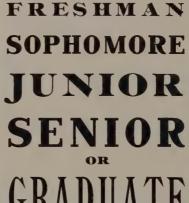
Let Us Protect You



GAINST fire, accident, sickness or any other contingency against which insurance or bonds may be carried-

FOR

WHETHER





YOU WANT THE BEST

and that

WE FURNISH IT

is shown by the exceptionally strong list of companies which we represent.

(See opposite page.)



First Floor

MANLEY-MCLENNAN AGENCY Torrey Bldg.

Make No Mistake.

COMPANY.	ESTABLISHED	o. ASSETS.	SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS.
Aachen & Munich Fire Ins. Co. of German	y.1825	\$2,242,315	\$1,109,444
Aetna Insurance Company of Hartford	1819	18,062,110	10,062,704
Calumet Insurance Company of Chicago .	1904	907,048	496,200
Commercial Union Assur. Co. Ltd., of			
London	1861	7,310,375	2,652,892
German American Ins. Company of New			
York	1872	16,162,230	7,940,211
Hamburg-Bremen Fire Ins. Co. of Ham-			
burg		1,997,569	· ·
Insurance Company of North America	1792	13.373,331	5,577,236
Liverpool & London & Globe Ins. Co.	# O O A	** ** ** ** **	
of Liverpool	1836	13,885,802	5,480,148
Liverpool	1961	3,875,361	1,304,301
National Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford.		9,328,707	The state of the s
Northern Assurance Company, Ltd. of	13/1	9,348,101	5,840,494
London	1836	4,933,170	1,677,191
North British & Mercantile Ins. Co. of		1,000,110	1,011,101
London	1809	8,276,801	3,700,507
Queen Insurance Company of New York.		8,622,543	4,279,745
Sun Insurance Office of London		4,236,799	1,255,220
Aetna Life Ins. Co. (Acci & Liab Dept.)		_,	_, ,
of Hartford	1851	97,227,608	9,732,920
Casualty Co. of America of New York	1903	1,956,344	649,180
Federal Insurance Co. (Auto Dept.) of			
New Jersey	1901	2,305,837	1,492,323
Lloyds Plate Glass Ins. Co. of New			
York	1882	958,505	630,638
Mannheim Ins. Co. (Launch Dept.) of			
Germany			382,036
National Surety Company of New York	1897	3,801,548	1,692,302
Total			.\$64,540,618

You want the BEST-we furnish it.

LEWIS H. MERRITT

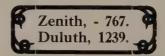
LUCIEN MERRITT



LEWIS H. MERRITT & CO.,

BROKERS,

104 Providence Building.



Private Wires to All Markets.

WE MANUFACTURE

HIGH-GRADE HOISTING ENGINES (both Steam & Electric), DERRICKS, MESABA CHURN DRILLS, IRON CASTINGS, STRUCTURAL IRON, STEAM LOGGING MACHINERY & TOOLS.



SOLE PROPRIETORS OF THE

McGIFFERT and the DECKER Self Propelling Steam Log Loaders and Skidders.

Agents for A. LESCHEN & SONS ROPE CO. Wire Rope.

CLYDE IRON WORKS,

2890 to 3100 WEST MICHIGAN ST., DULUTH, MINNESOTA.



You, Young Man,
should "Dress Up"
with the Progress
of the Times.

The Big Duluth, in offering the 1910-11 advanced style creations in The L SYSTEM Clothes for young men, feels that every well-dressed man owes it to himself to investigate their insistent desirability.

They are clothes that accentuate the good points of one's physique---clothes that "stand out" as faultlessly correct---definately different.

Our selection of The L SYSTEM Clothes was made with a knowledge of every



WILLIAMSON & MENDENHALL.

other line manufactured. We recommend them to the graduates of this grand old

this grand old school as the highest standard of clothes-perfection ever conceived and maintained.

And, in line with this policy regarding our Clothing Department, we have selected, as fitting accompaniments, the the very best to be had in Shoes, Hats, Neckwear, Shirtings and all manner of men's haberdashery.

To dress better than ordinary---to pay no more---in these words are summed up the desires of every young man.

And this is our creed---our aim---and our accomplishment.

L-SYSTEM SUITS & OVERCOATS \$15.00 to \$35.00



THESYSTEM

Nortolk

WILLIAMSON & MENDENHALL

Fremulks

2 to 12 West Superior St., Duluth, Minn.

The Largest Retail Store at the Head of the Lakes.

Red (ross Shoe

bends with your foot



Trade Mar

You can wear it right out of the store in perfect comfort.

Oxford \$3.50, \$4. High Shoes \$4, \$5.



Exclusive Sellers for Duluth & Superior.

Nemo Corsets

A Corset that does something no other will do, all other corsets are imitations of each other. But every Nemo is a patented specialty for which there is no substitute.

For Stout Women: Nemo Self-Reducing Corset "The World's Standard"

For Slender Women; Nemo Back-Resting Corsets Nemo Military Belt Corsets Nemo Dress-Adjusting Corsets

There's a Nemo model for every figure, and every one an extra value simply as a corset, saying nothing about its invalvable bygicalic feature.

simply as a corset, saying nothing about its invaluable hygienic features.



Butterick Patterns

NOTHING LIKE THEM

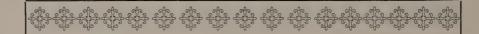
Sold in DULUTH at this store only.

American Exchange National Bank OF DULUTH

IS THE OLDEST BANK AT THE HEAD OF THE LAKES, HAVING BEEN ESTABLISHED MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS AGO. IT NOW HAS A CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OF ONE MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS AND DEPOSITS OF OVER

SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS.

IT INVITES YOUR CHECKING ACCOUNT. WILL PAY YOU INTEREST ON YOUR SAVING ACCOUNT AT THE RATE OF THREE PER CENT. PER ANNUM. WILL RENT YOU A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX IN A FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF VAULT AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM. IT WILL SELL YOU SELF IDENTIFYING TRAVELERS CHECKS. THE SAME CAREFUL AND COURTEOUS ATTENTION IS PAID TO SMALL AS TO LARGE ACCOUNTS.



Duluth Copper Market.

N. S. MITCHELL & CO.

101-2-3 MANHATTAN BLDG.



Eastern Correspondents: MILLER & CO.

PRIVATE WIRES. Private Long Distance City Phone 1805. Phones 1657-1805.

Reference: CITY NATIONAL BANK, Duluth, Minn.



GAY & STURGIS

BOSTON, MASS.

Bankers and Brokers.

MEMBERS BOSTON STOCK EXCHANGE.

DIRECT PRIVATE WIRE TO

BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, HOUGHTON,
CALUMET & DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

60

<u>೧</u>

DULUTH OFFICE:

326 West Superior Street

R. J. GOODELL, Manager.

OLD PHONE 2210. ZENITH - 765. The Service and Value you would expect

are found in



TOOLS, CUTLERY, STOVES, PAINTS & VARNISHES.

he increased service, the satisfaction derived from Hickory Goods, make it well worth insisting always on having the Hickory Kind.

KELLY HOW THOMSON CO. Wholesale Hardware,

DULUTH.

I. M. Gidding & Co.

"CORRECT DRESS FOR WOMEN."



Interior View, Main Floor Looking South, down LEFT Aisle, and showing elevator entrance.

Duluth's

"Store
Beautiful"

"Merchants of the New School"

Specializing in

High-Class
Ready-to-Wear
Garments for
Women,
Misses and
Small

Children



Interior View, Main Floor looking South, down RIGHT aisle, toward Main Office.

STORE DIRECTORY: 1ST FLOOR, Waists, Jeweled Novelties, Neckwear, Gloves. Knit Underwear, Hosiery and Juvenile Wear.—2ND FLOOR, Suits, Cloaks, Gowns, Wraps, Dresses & Skirts.—3RD FLOOR, Millinery, Undermuslins, Corsets & Infants Wear.

"THE GIDDING CORNER"-1st Ave. W. & Superior St.

PAINE, WEBBER & CO.

316 West Superior Street.



OUR OWN PRIVATE WIRE TO ALL EXCHANGES.



MEMBERS OF NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

- " " " COTTON
- " BOSTON STOCK
- " CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.
- " DULUTH STOCK EXCHANGE.

WILL C. BROWN, Res. Mgr.

Christie Lithograph & Printing Co.

PRINTERS, ENGRAVERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS, STATIONERS, DULUTH, MINN.



OFFICIAL PRINTERS OF THE ZENITH.

STATIONERY, BANK SUPPLIES, OFFICE FURNITURE. FILING DEVICES, LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS. ADDING MACHINES, HALL SAFES, EMBOSSED STATIONERY.

Both Telephones No. 24.

R. P. DOWSE & CO.

General Insurance, Real Estate, Loans and Rentals.

106-7-8 Providence Bldg.,

DULUTH, MINN.

QUALITY Is the Watchword at the

Fitwell Clothes Store.

It means that whatever your purchase here will always be a little better than the best that can be obtained elsewhere for the price.

At these three popular prices we have many patterns to select from, and all garments purchased of us will be kept pressed and repaired free of charge.

THE **QUALITY** STORE.

DULUTH. MINN.

SMART FOOTWEAR.

The Most Beautiful Productions from the Best Shoemakers in the Land.

YOUNG LADIES.

. Pumps, Ties and Oxfords or Shoes in an almost endless variety of models, trimmings, and leather of every kind.

YOUNG MEN.

See the handsome Dress Shoes, classy productions of makers with a reputation.

Button or Lace Styles, also the swell Two Hale Ties in Patent Gun Metal and Tans.



FOOTWEAR FOR EVERY USE AT

WIELAND SHOE CO.

115 WEST SUPERIOR STREET.

A. McCALLUM,

BROKER.

Member Duluth Stock Exchange.

112 MANHATTAN BLDG.

Zenith 488.

Old 934.

"The Zenith of Perfection"

N the taking of commercial photographs and in the production of absolutely flawless engravings on zinc and copper has been reached by the News Tribune Engraving Plant. You are referred to the reproductions of photographs and the cuts in this volume of the "Zenith" as samples of the quality of work done. Read this letter from the Mackintosh Advertising Agency, perhaps the largest consumer in the city of art-work, commercial photos, zinc and copper half-tones, who have used this house almost to the exclusion of all others for more than a year.

DULUTH PHONE 860.

ZENITH PHONE 732

"Creators of Profitable Advertising Campaigns."

MACKINTOSH ADVERTISING AGENCY

(INCORPORATED),

202 TORREY BLDG., DULUTH, MINN.

News Tribune Engraving Plant, Duluth, Minn.

Gentlemen:

In the past year you have done several thousand dollars worth of art-work, commercial photography and engraving to our order.

We cannot recall a single instance of a customer of ours finding any fault with work done by you, while in numberless instances we have received very flattering comments on its high and constant quality.

We can say without hesitation, that we have received better satisfaction from you than from any other engraving-house, notwith-standing the fact that we have dealt with some of the largest and best-known concerns in the United States.

Since we take every opportunity to "boost" Duluth industries when they deserve it as thoroughly as does your house, we take pleasure in authorizing you to use this letter in any way you may deem fit.

We are, gentlemen,

Yours very sincerely,

MACKINTOSH ADVERTISING AGENCY.

Chas. A. Mackintosh, President.

The First National Bank Duluth, Minn.

Capital, - - - \$ 500,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$1,400,000.00

THREE PER CENT. INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS
AND TIME DEPOSITS.

CHECKING ACCOUNTS.

The Bride appreciates the Name

BAGLEYACO. JEWELERS.

on the Box

It is a synonym of leadership and fair dealing.

Established-1885.



Interior view of BAGLEY & CO.S., JEWELRY STORE Known since 1885 as F.D.DAY & CO. 315 West superior St.

NORTHERN NATIONAL BANK

OF DULUTH, MINN.

CAPITAL,

\$250,000.00.

A Conservative Duluth Bank. In the Interest of the People. Managed by Duluth Men.

3%-INTEREST-3%

Paid on Savings and Time Deposits.

Your Account Invited.

OFFICERS:

J. L. WASHBURN, President JOHN G. WILLIAMS, Vice President. JOSEPH E. HORAK, Asst. Cashier.

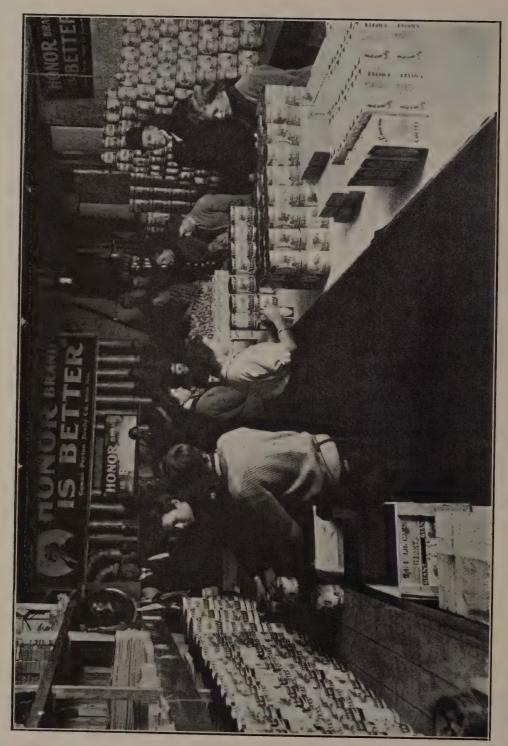
J, W. LYDER, Cashier

DIRECTORS:

J. L. WASHBURN J. J. EKLUND M. W. ALWORTH JOHN G. WILLIAMS FRANCIS W. SULLIVAN LOUIS S. LOEB GEORGE A. FRENCH J. W. LYDER, JR.

JOHN R. MITCHELL

NOW LOCATED ON MAIN FLOOR, NEW ALWORTH BUILDING.



COFFEE PACKING ROOM OF THE GOWAN-PEYTON-TWOHY CO.

For JUST what YOU want

IN

Dance Programs, Engraved Personal Cards, Embossed Stationery, Wedding Invitations, . . Lithographing, Blank Books, or Rubber Stamps

SEE

RAY W. FENTON

Everything in Printing

705-6 Alworth Bldg.

THE VERY LATEST THING IN FOOTWEAR

Women's

Calf, Patent Colt, Suede and Tan Pumps; Patent Colt, Calf & Russ. Calf Oxfords; 2-Strap Patent Colt Pumps, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 & \$5.00

THE NEW 2-EYELET TIES FOR YOUNG MEN \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 & \$5.00

YOUR SHOE MAN BLODGETT, YOUR SHOE MAN 20 W. Superior St. Five-Cent Shine.

Zenith Telephone 1393.

Opposite Wolvin Blbg.

J. GRUESEN.

Jeweler and Watchmaker.

FOR PRESENTS OF

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, NECK CHAINS, RINGS, BAGS, PURSES AND SOUVENIR SPOONS, COME TO SEE US.

3rd Ave. West and First St.

DULUTH, MINN.

THE one store that is thoroughly satisfactory, and there is no secret of how it became so. We have not attained the proud position "The Most Satisfactory Store in Duluth" through any mysterious power of ledgerdemain, but simply by reason of good solid business system and methods.

The location of the Kelly Store is uniquely distinct and easy of access from all parts of the city. The fact that "All cars

lead to Kelly's" is well known in every household, and is one reason why Kelly's is a busy store on stormy as well as on clear days.

Interior decorating is our specialty. You will find here an exceptional collection of artistic draperies, ranging from the popular grades to the best. Imported wall hangings, all the season's newest offerings. An expert who has charge of this department will be glad to offer you valuable suggestions.

Whether it be one or a number of rooms you wish to furnish, we shall be glad to help you select the proper goods, and tell you exactly what it will cost.





PIPER, JOHNSON & CASE,

(1)

STOCK BROKERAGE
AND BANKING....

328 West Superior Street.

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, BOSTON STOCK EXCHANGE AND DULUTH STOCK EXCHANGE.

Also Members of all Grain Exchanges, with Private Wires to all Markets.

We can give the Best Service & and therefore solicit your business.

60

PIPER, JOHNSON & CASE.

A. L. WARNER, Mgr.

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Duluth, Missabe & Northern Ry.

The ten thousand lakes which have studded Minnesota like jewels in beautiful settings are mostly in the northern part of this State.

The territory tributary to the Duluth, Missabe & Northen Ry. and its connections, is richly endowed by nature's handiwork in this respect, which provides a country for exploring, camping and out-door recreation not excelled anywhere.

Commencing at Grand Lake, 24 miles from Duluth, are to be found Big Grand Lake and Little Grand Lake. Two miles above this nestles Sunset Lake, which has already been surrounded by summer cottages. On the Alborn Branch at Pengilly, beautiful Swan Lake appears, with its 60 miles of shore line; a large portion of it having a gentle, sloping, sandy beach, and at Coleraine, this village joins Trout Lake, which greatly enhances the beauty of Coleraine.

Duluth, Missabe & Northern Ry.

On the line to Hibbing are numerous lakes still unmarred by human ambitions. The primeaval forests still surrounding them and for long periods, visited only by deer and other game.

North of Virginia are Pelican and Ash Lakes, the haunt of game which inhabits that country. Going further north and towards the boundary, one will reach that great international body of water known as Rainy Lake, whose shore line changes from low, sandy beaches, to rugged cliffs one hundred feet high, in which there are hundreds of islands, ranging in size from 25 feet in circumference, to 10 to 15 acres, part of which is in Canadian territory, with shore line broken here and there by beautiful cascades and water-falls.

The trip to some of these lakes so easily reached by the Missabe Railway, will not soon be forgotten. At the principal points on these lakes, camping parties can be outfitted by experienced parties, who can furnish guides, etc., and with the easy and pleasant railway facilities from Duluth, there is every opportunity to get close to nature and admire its work.



JUST OUT.

THE

"Grafonola Regent and De Luxe."

A Built in Graphophone with Record Cabinet Complete.

Come in and hear this instrument play some of the Grand Opera Music. We also have Graphophones from \$25.00 up, on easy payments.

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We are agents for the OLIVER STAND-ARD VISIBLE TYPEWRITER. This typewriter is fast becoming a Universal typewriter. We have all makes of typewriters on hand at all times for rent or sale.



W. M. EDMONT,

++++++++++++++

330 W. Superior Street



National acceptance of the expension of the contract of the co



Mother Goose Up-to-Date

I love Duluth Universal, it makes such nice pie, I could eat it, and eat it, until I die, Or sit by the fire and eat it all night, 'Cause it's so pure, so white, and so light.

DON'T BE A GOOSE!

All the Best Families in Duluth use DULUTH UNIVERSAL.

We can't all graduate, but we can all use good Flour. First, last and always, insist on getting

Duluth Universal Flour.

Made in Duluth-"The Pittsburg of the West."

DULUTH UNIVERSAL MILLING COMPANY,

THE FLOUR THE BEST COOKS USE.

ZENITH FURNACE COMPANY.

60

Ever since the discovery of iron ore in Minnesota, Duluth has had the ambition to be an iron and steel manufacturing center. In fact, more than twenty years ago the blast furnace, which now constitutes the nucleus of the present plant of the Zenith Furnace Company, was constructed. Its erection was an experiment in many ways. The question of a profitable market was unsolved and considerable time and money was spent in a futile attempt to secure a sufficient amount of coke of uniform quality, but efforts in this direction seemed to be of no avail. The promoter finally gave up and the furnace went out of blast.

Several other companies were organized to carry on the enterprise, but without success.

While these attempts were being made, a new development was taking place in the manufacture of coke. What is known as the bi-product system was being slowly introduced in the United States. Under this method a satisfactory quality of coke is made, and at the same time large quantities of illuminating gas, tar and ammonia are saved. The success of this method resulted in the rewakening of interest in the manufacture of iron in Duluth.

The Zenith Furnace Company was organized and built its immense works in West Duluth. First a large coal dock was built with a capacity of 500,000 tons of coal and limestone and then fifty large concrete ovens were made, in which 400 tons of crushed coal are put through and 250 tons of coke turned out per day. The gas, as a by-product, is sold to the city and the sale of gas during the current year will exceed 240 million cubic feet. Ammonia is also produced and the coke tar is made into roofing and paving pitches as well as for tar macadam pavements.

The coke, after being cooled, is transferred to the furnace and mixed with equal quantities of limestone and iron and about 250 tons of pig iron are produced in a day.

The works are most important to Duluth because they give employment to over 500 persons, dispensing annually hundreds of thousands of dollars in wages, which finds itself in the legitimate channels of trade, thus adding to the prosperity of the city, and advancing it in every legitimate way. As can be understood, the direction of this immense enterprise, involving millions of dollars, requires executive and administrative ability of the highest order. These are found in the highest sense in the gentlemen at the head of the company, all of whom are the most influential business men and manufacturers in the West-

They are: A. B. Wolvin, President and Treasurer; C. P. Wheeler, Vice President; T. J. Davis, Secretary; J. B. Becher, Assistant Treasurer and F. C. Harris, General Superintendent. All the officers of the company are gentlemen of public spirit and right influence in business circles, and well deserve the success and prominence they have attained.





"DO IT FOR DULUTH."

(> <)

BU

UY DULUTH MADE CLASS PINS AND JEWELRY. Help to build up your home industry. Do not send your money out of town for Class Pins and Jewelry

that you can get made here by Duluth men, just as cheap and better workmanship.

Think it over! Are we worth patronizing?

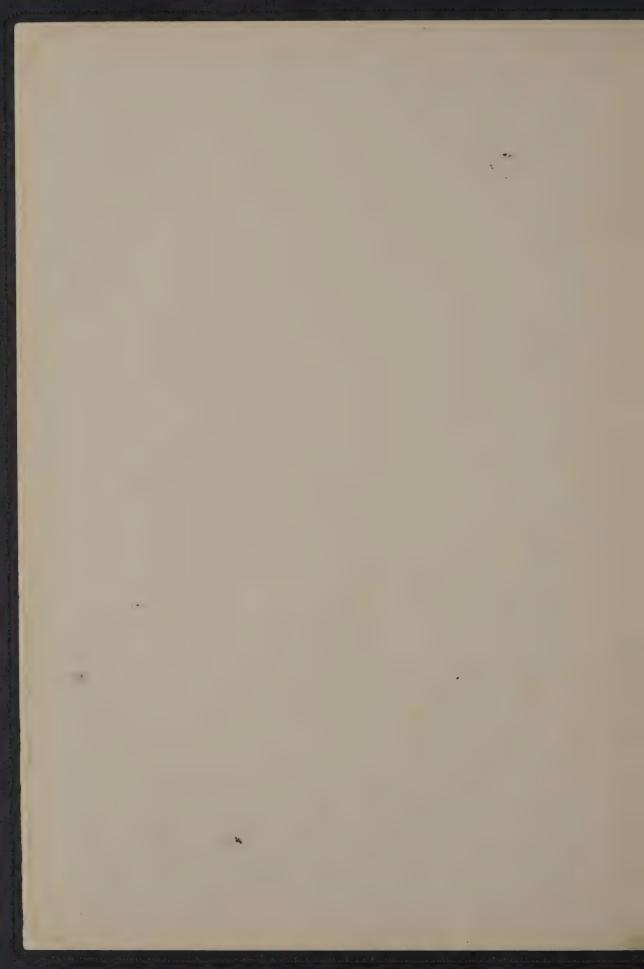
Henricksen Jewelry Co.

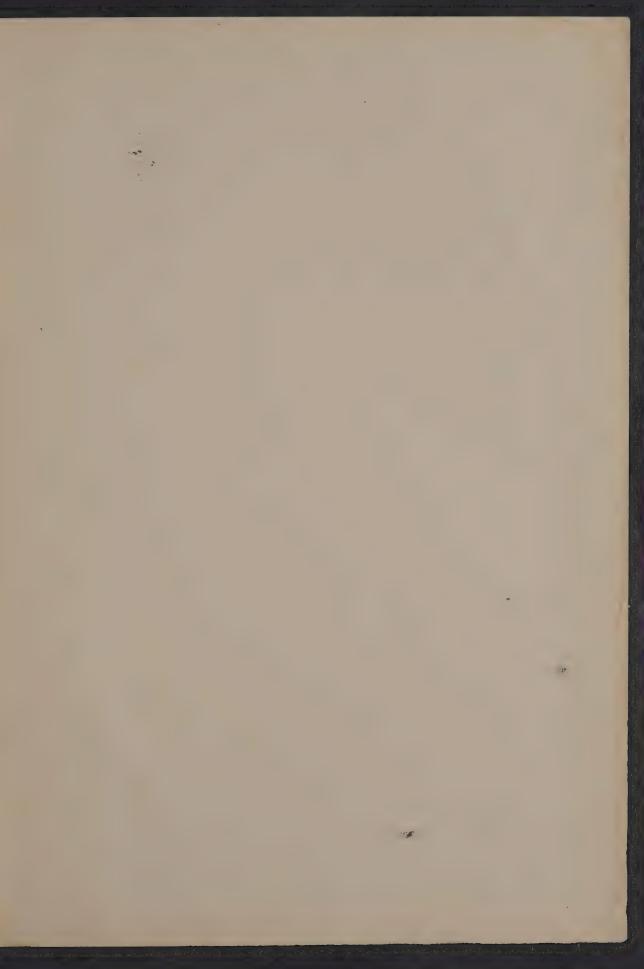
332 W. SUPERIOR STREET.

FACTORY-333 W. Michigan St.









Press of Christic Lithograph & Printing Co. Duluth, Minn

